

# The Sketch

No. 1020.—Vol. LXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1912.

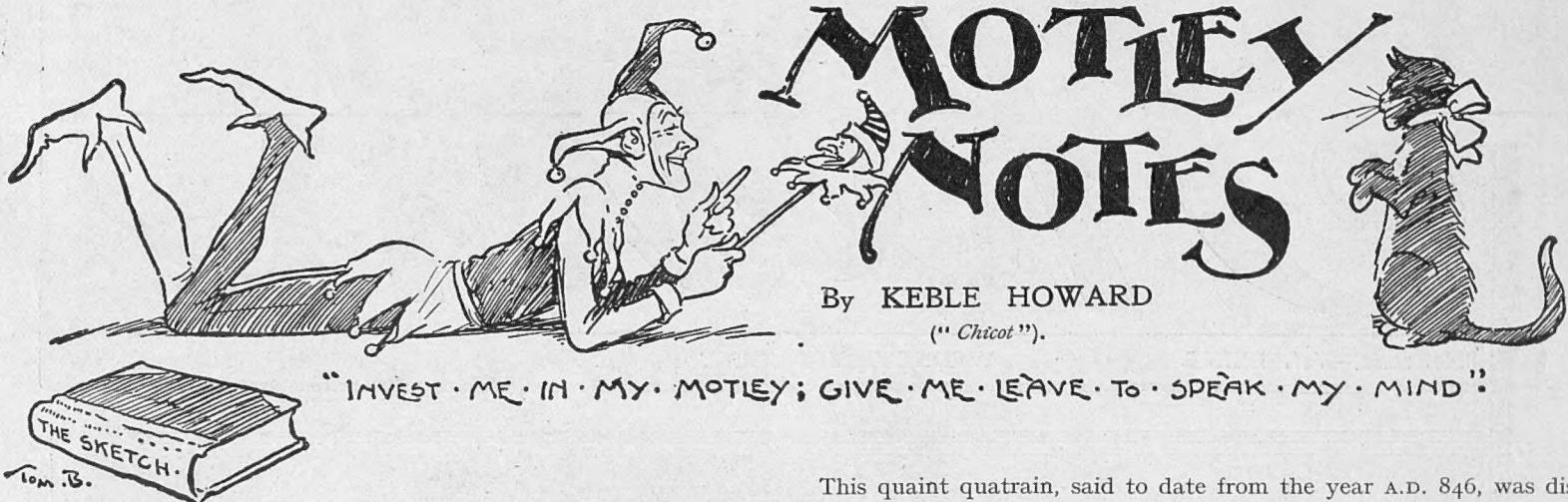
SIXPENCE.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: MISS MARIE LÖHR AND MR. ANTHONY LEYLAND PRINSEP  
PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR WEDDING.

The wedding of that most popular young actress, Miss Marie Löhr, to Mr. Anthony Leyland Prinsep took place last week at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square. Miss Löhr, who was born at Sydney, New South Wales, on July 28, 1890, is the daughter of Miss Kate Bishop, the well-known actress, and Mr. Lewis J. Löhr, formerly treasurer of the Opera House, Melbourne. She made her first appearance on the stage when she was six, and her first appearance in London in 1901, when she was at the Garrick in "Shock-Headed Peter" and "The Man who Stole the Castle." Mr. Anthony Prinsep is the second son of the late Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



MERRY MUDBAY (A GUIDE TO).  
INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

*Fair flows the sea from East to West,  
The sky is overhead,  
The crabs are crawling to and fro  
All in their ocean bed;  
And Mudbay spreads her ample chest  
Like a Lord Mayor full-fed.*

WE have selected these pleasant and famous lines to stand at the summit of this little volume, not solely because they emanated from the graceful pen of our worthy and genial fellow-townsman, Councillor Dunning (who, it may be mentioned incidentally, has undertaken to print and publish this work on very generous terms—yet another proof of his well-known loyalty to the public weal and *esprit de corps*), but also because they express, briefly and succinctly, the charm, the romance, and the salubrity of our beloved town.

"Fair flows the sea from East to West." Carpers and jealous denizens of neighbouring watering-places may suggest, as, indeed, they have suggested, that the sea does not always flow from East to West; that, on the contrary, it often flows from West to East, bringing rain in its train. We snap our fingers—figuratively in our editorial capacity; literally, if we are challenged, in our private and personal capacity—in the faces of such mean and small-minded critics. Let the merely commercial confine themselves to bald facts. We are above and beyond such pettiness. At any rate, they cannot dispute the statement contained in line 2 of the lovely stanza.

"The crabs are crawling to and fro all in their ocean bed." Mudbay has long been celebrated for every kind of shell-fish. Not crabs alone, but cockles, mussels, winkles, and shrimps may all be found by the diligent searcher who seizes his opportunity, whilst, on more than one occasion, the majestic lobster himself has been sighted on the horizon.

"Mudbay spreads her ample chest, like a Lord Mayor full-fed." There is more in this concluding couplet than springs to the eye and leaps to the mind at the first reading. Picture a Lord Mayor full-fed. He is gently dozing, a placid smile upon his serene countenance. So Mudbay, in the glow of the westering sun! His ample shirt-front rises and falls. So Mudbay, as the waves, however distant, respond to the influence of the moon! A diamond stud now sparkles and now does not. So Mudbay, when the noonday sun strikes the gilded cupola of the recently opened Public Hall and Lending Library, the munificent gift of Sir Joseph Alexander Toller, thrice Mayor of Mudbay!

In conclusion, allow us to state, thus anticipating the sneers of the small-minded aforesaid, that we, the undersigned, are acutely sensible of our shortcomings as editors and compilers of this little volume. We only ask that our zeal may be allowed to counterbalance our lack of literary skill; and that our fellow-townsman, inspired, as we have been, by patriotism and *esprit de corps*, will, instead of carping and criticising, do their level best to push the sale.

JAMES FRANCIS MEDDLE.  
WILLIAM A. JORDAN.

CHAPTER I.

ANCIENT MUDBAY.

*Oh, I have been to Mudbay Town!  
Heigh! Ho! Drink up, my hearties!  
I seed a man in a woman's gown!  
Heigh! Ho! Drain the last drop!*

—OLD NAUTICAL SONG.

# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

(“Chicot”).

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

This quaint quatrain, said to date from the year A.D. 846, was discovered on the wall of an old and neighbouring hostelry. Some are of opinion that it is merely drunken gibberish scribbled by some mariner in his cups, but the Rev. Eli Toadhunter, pastor of the Congregational Meeting-House, and an antiquarian scholar of note in these districts, is convinced that the lines refer, whether written by a seafaring man or not, to the ancient Druidical custom of "eiting geelan," or chasing the pancake. He quotes as his authority for this belief the following passage from Domesday Book: "En hys tyrne ech weareth ye garbe of oman toe hindyr hys movement," which, rendered into modern English, reads, "In his turn, each wears the garb of a woman to hinder his movement," thus throwing a most valuable and interesting light on the old sport of pancake-chasing, as well as explaining the quatrain. In any case, here we have convincing proof that Mudbay has existed, with a name of her own, for century upon century. *Floreat Mudbay!* (May she long flourish.)

Another very interesting relic of "the days that are beyond recall, the days that never shall return" may be seen in the Market Place. This is a small recess, rather in the shape of an ecclesiastical window. It was discovered some fifteen years ago during the progress of certain alterations and repairs to the splendid bakery and cake-shop of Councillor Geeling. The workmen were for bricking it in and plastering it over, but Councillor Geeling, with that taste and high-mindedness for which he is renowned, and which may be said to find their way into every bun that leaves his bakery, gave orders that the recess should be preserved, cleaned, and inscribed with the date of discovery, together with his own name and the nature of his worthy occupation. We will not, at this juncture, recall the comments of a rival baker, or the acrimonious correspondence that ensued in a local paper. Suffice it to say that the recess in question is of very great and natural interest to children and invalids, many of the latter purchasing mementos of their pilgrimage to view the recess in the shape of a small, hollow pie made in the exact shape of the relic, and bearing the inscription, "With Best Wishes from Con. Geeling, Mudbay."

Whilst dealing with the subject of Mudbay in days gone by, reference must certainly be made to the collection of fossils in the possession of the Rev. Eli Toadhunter (see above). All of these were discovered by the reverend gentleman himself in and around Mudbay, and may be inspected on Saturday afternoons between the hours of two and five on payment of the small fee of threepence.

Prominent amongst these relics of the past, strangely preserved by the chemical qualities of the Noölitic limestone, is the carcase of a fish long since obsolete. For those unversed in antediluvian lore, it will be hard to trace the slightest resemblance to a fish, or, indeed, to anything at all, in this valuable curio. But the Rev. Eli Toadhunter will show you the line of the fin, the socket of the eye, and the general course of the backbone. He is of opinion that the fish was being pursued by some larger monster of the mighty deep, and swam at such a speed that it actually embedded itself in the base of the cliff. How well has the poet written—

*Ye creatures of the vasty deep,  
To whom it does not matter much  
Whether we mortals wake or sleep,  
Swim high, swim low,  
Swim fast, swim slow,  
But, always, please, swim on.*

## CAPS FOR "BOBBERS": BATHING-DRESS—FOR THE HEAD.



1. THE NORWEGIAN CAP.

3. THE KOKOCHNIK.

2. THE MUSHROOM HAT.

4. THE PURITAN BONNET.

The modern bather of the fairer sex is nothing if she be not as fashionable in the water as she is out of it. Hence the most elaborate of bathing-costumes, and the provision of such elaborate and dainty head-dresses as those illustrated; the Norwegian cap, the hat suggesting the succulent mushroom, the kokochnik-like creation, first cousin to the old Russian national head-dress, and the Puritan bonnet.—[Photographs by Schneider.]

## THE TWELFTH: TENANTS OF FAMOUS SCOTTISH MOORS.



1. GLENQUOICH FOREST: MR. ARTHUR JAMES.

2. BALMACAAN DEER FOREST: MR. BRADLEY MARTIN.

3. DRUMMINNOR: CAPTAIN CAMPBELL (WITH MISS COLQUHOUN).

4. BLACKMOUNT FOREST: LORD DURHAM.

5. DALRADDY: LORD ABERDARE.

6. BADDOCH AND GLEN CLUNIE: LORD DUNLEATH.

It was anticipated that the Twelfth would usher in a grouse-shooting season of excellent quality; and as a result of this anticipation, "shoots" let with almost unusual readiness. All reports go to show that birds are very plentiful. The King has arranged to visit the Earl of Sefton, at Abbeystead, from the 19th until the 24th, and should have fine sport.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

## MILK - AND - WATER COWES: DAMP GERMAN YACHTS.



1. AWAITING THE ORDER FOR A SHORT TACK: ABOARD HERR KRUPP VON BOHLEN UND HALBACH'S "GERMANIA."

2. WELL OIL-SKINNED! LADY SIBYL GRIMSTON AND MISS GLYN ABOARD THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S "METEOR."

Cowes Regatta Week was a great disappointment, for the weather, taking it as a whole, was about as bad as it could be. Even the King and Queen, who do not shirk the elements, came home earlier than they had intended, returning on the Saturday instead of on Monday. The only royal yacht racing was the German Emperor's "Meteor." Almost equal interest was taken in the doings of the "Germania," the yacht belonging to Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, manager, for his wife, of the great Krupp steel firm, which is celebrating its centenary. In this event, the German Emperor is taking part. Only the other day he conferred upon Herr Krupp von Bohlen the title and rank of an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.—[Photographs by Sport and General and Newspaper Illustrations.]

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Cr. 2. PENINSULA and MOROCCO ...	28 Sept.	10 days
Cr. 3. HOLY LAND and EGYPT ...	9 Oct.	29 days
Cr. 4. ALGERIA, SPAIN, &c. ...	9 Nov.	15 days

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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August 14, 1912.

Signature.....



# THE CLUBMAN

JOYS OF THE CANTERBURY WEEK: THE EVERGREEN OLD STAGERS AGAIN.

The Canterbury Week.

The first week of my holiday is being spent at Canterbury, where last week was the County Cricket Week, with its usual accompaniment of illuminations and arches of flags down the main streets, and band concerts in the Dane John, the little park tucked snugly away in a bend of the city walls, and the Old Stagers' performances at the theatre, and balls in the Rink, and much entertainment in the tents which half-encircle the cricket ground. I know no other cricket week during which good cricket and all the other joys of life are so pleasantly mingled. The Scarborough Week at the end of August, and the Tunbridge Wells Week in July are mighty pleasant functions,

but there are fewer hosts at these festivals than are to be found at Canterbury.

The St. Lawrence Cricket Ground.

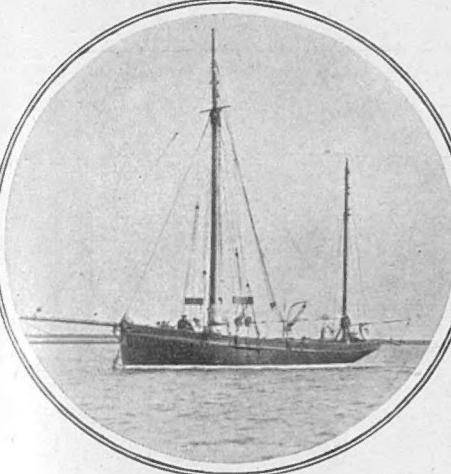
of a dozen clubs fly before the tents on the St. Lawrence Ground, and many of the county magnates who have secured the coveted sites for tents—for it is easier to buy a thousand acres of farmland in Kent than to obtain the right to a few square yards of turf at the edge of the cricket field during Canterbury Week—also fly their private colours. The Band of Brothers, the social stronghold of Kentish gentlemen, fly their combination of light and dark blue over one tent, and I Zingari, the red, yellow, and black before another. The Old Stagers must have played there, but which was really fashioned by the late Sidney Cooper, R.A., out of a concert-hall, the celebrated animal-painter himself painting the curtain and some of the scenery. Both plays were voted successes. Miss

SEIZED BY THE GERMAN POLICE WHEN HER CREW OF FIVE ENGLISHMEN WERE ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF BEING SPIES: THE "SILVER CRESCENT."

The "Silver Crescent," whose voyage from Dover to Kiel ended in the arrest of the five Englishmen who were making a pleasure-trip aboard her, was built in 1886, and has an over-all length of 50 ft., beam 12 ft. 4 in., and a draught of 6 ft. Her Thames tonnage is 27. It was announced on Aug. 8 that the Englishmen had been released.

Photograph by G. A. Tawse.

who wear Zingari colours for this week, differentiate their tricolour by putting "O.S." on it. The city clubs have their tents, and the Mayor and Corporation uphold the best traditions of Kentish hospitality in a great pavilion. The Buffs, the county regiment, fly the Dragon of the City of London, which is their crest, given to the Regiment when it absorbed the old Trained Bands. The cavalry regiment in garrison usually has a tent next to the Buffs, but this year the 9th Lancers were sent away to manoeuvres at the commencement of the Week. Two bands, one on each side of the ground, make music alternately on the Thursday. On other days, one suffices. I once made inquiry of some of the men who play county cricket all the summer whether the music of a band is not a disturbing element, and they assured me that, being intent on the game, they never knew whether or not a band was playing.



The Old Stagers. The Old Stagers played for their seventy-first year last week. No other existing amateur dramatic club can show such a record of longevity. Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, who is now the president of the club, was the youngest of the merry band of cricketers, mostly from the Universities, who, seventy-one years ago, went by sea to Ramsgate and thence coached over to Canterbury, and he is now the only survivor of the first Old Stagers. All these cricketers were amateur actors as well, and innings and rehearsals were sandwiched in perfunctory fashion. So it came that the I.Z. and the O.S. blossomed like sister-flowers from one stem. Sir Henry de Bathe and Mr. "Tippy" Twiss and Mr. Augustus Spalding,

towers of strength of the second generation of Old Stagers, have gone beyond the sound of the prompter's bell. The Speaker, who was of the third generation, now plays his part on a larger stage, and Mr. Arthur Bourchier has won his professional spurs. Mr. Allan Mackinnon and Mr. Harold Whitaker and Mr. Percy Lee are the planets amongst the stars of the present generation. "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" and "My Wife" were the plays put last week on the boards of the little theatre, which looks as though Edmund Kean must have played there, but which was really fashioned by the late Sidney Cooper, R.A., out of a concert-hall, the celebrated animal-painter himself painting the curtain and some of the scenery. Both plays were voted successes. Miss

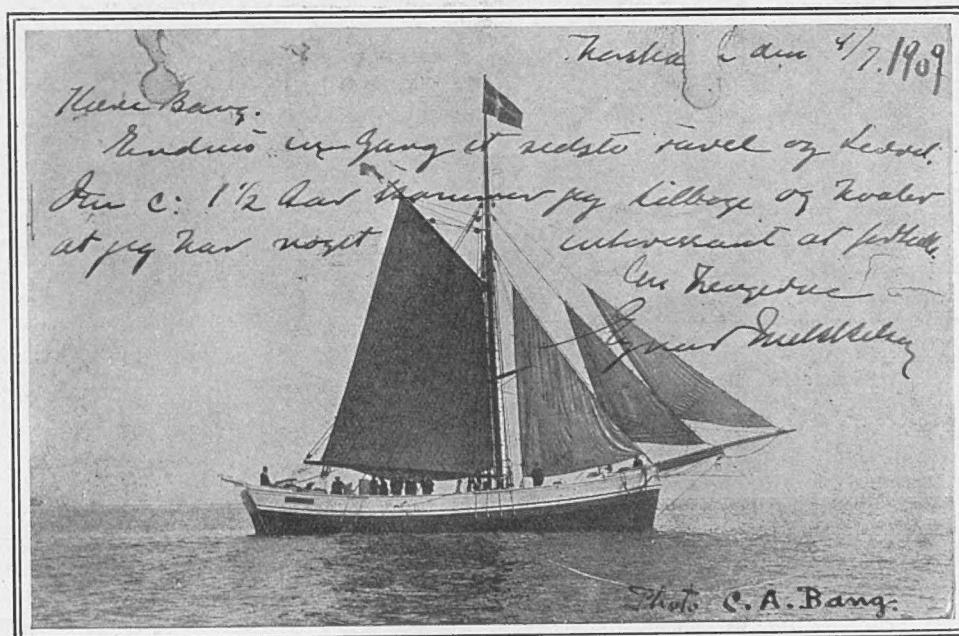


GIVEN A CHANCE TO TRAIN IN SALT WATER: NOTED LADY SWIMMERS AT GOURLACK AS A PREPARATION FOR THE RACE FOR THE TWO-MILES CHAMPIONSHIP OF SCOTLAND.

The object of the visit was to give the swimmers—members of the Premier (Ladies) Swimming Club, Glasgow—an opportunity to train in salt water. The company included Misses Etta Mackay, Dinah Mackay, Bella Moore, and Baby May, a smart little swimmer and diver, only six years of age. Our photograph shows: bottom row (extreme left), Gourock Pondmaster. Bottom row (middle girl), Bella Moore, who represented Great Britain at the recent Olympic Games at Stockholm. Second row (left to right), Mary Strachan, Etta Mackay (world's champion lady swimmer), Dinah Mackay (Scottish champion lady swimmer), Elsa Mackay. Top row (middle), Baby May, a six-year-old swimmer.

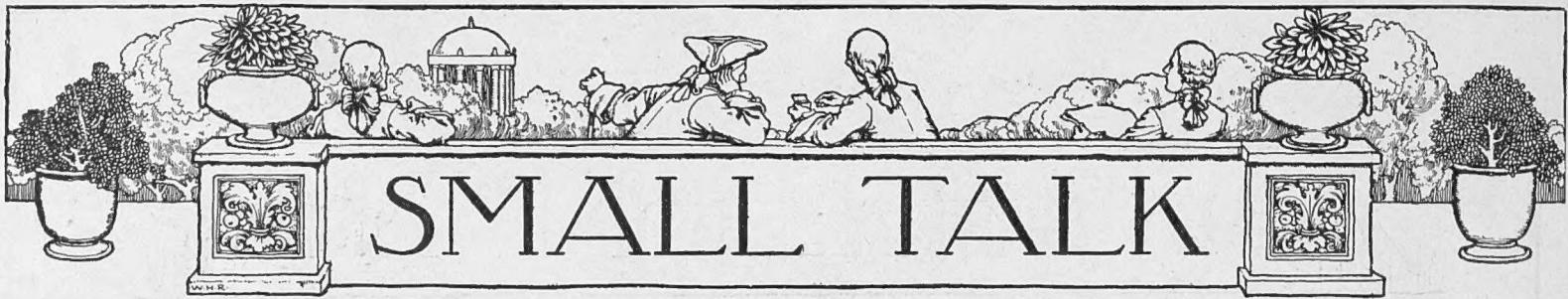
Photograph by J. and R. Simpson.

Dora Barton (who played Lady Ursula) and Miss Hemingway were the leading ladies, and Mrs. Charles Crutchley and Mrs. Harold Whitaker. The epilogue on the Friday night is one of the events of the week. Tom Taylor was the first epilogue-inventor of the Old Stagers, and many authors of note have written the go-as-you-please revues, having special reference to the cricket of the week. This year the epilogue, written by Harold Whitaker and Paul Rubens, was titled "On Strike," and such personages as an Ancient Briton, Nelson and Wellington, Lillywhite, Queen Elizabeth and Raleigh, Bunty, an Earl's Court Knight, a Puck Lady, and Father Time appeared in it.



THE "EIGHTEEN MONTHS" JOURNEY WHICH LASTED THREE YEARS: CAPTAIN MIKKELSEN'S SHIP THE "ALABAMA."

Captain Einar Mikkelsen, searching, more especially, for the body of the explorer Mylius Erichsen, and for his diaries and observations, was three years in the Arctic, and was given up as lost. His little vessel, the "Alabama," was wrecked in 1910, and he and his companion, the Danish engineer Iversen, were found on Bass Rock Island by a Norwegian whaler and brought back to civilisation. It will be seen by the postcard given above that Captain Mikkelsen expected to be away some eighteen months. Translated, it reads: "Dear Bang—Once more a last farewell and good luck. In about eighteen months I shall be back, and hope that I shall have something interesting to tell you."



**F**OREIGN waters have gone flat: Harrogate is "up." Lady Mond, with all the world for choice, has been taking a cure there, or as much of a cure as she needed. The Duke and Duchess of Wellington, Lord Londonderry, Lady Isobel Stewart, and Lord and Lady George Nevill are likewise advised that a Channel crossing is not a penance that must necessarily follow the London season, and Lady Alexander Paget finds Yorkshire sufficient for her needs, even after a tumultuous month ending with her son's marriage to the most popular girl in England. Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's journey thither from Castle Ashby marks another stage in the advancement of a place that is also finding favour with Prince Christian and the Grand Duchess George of Russia.

*A Model Daughter.* The engagement of Miss Katherine Marjorie Shannon is not the least interesting of the final announcements of the closing season. As the "Kitty Shannon" of her father's portraits she is as familiar as any of his sitters, for she ranks, with "The Flower Girl" of the Tate, and with the "Lady Marjorie Manners," among his pre-eminent successes. But her personality is not confined to canvas; she herself is well known in and out of one of the few studios that anybody still cares to visit.

Like Mr. Sargent, Mr. J. J. Shannon comes from America, but he has not, like his friend, neglected to take out his papers of naturalisation. The old family union to the many amongst the Rothschilds.

*Photograph by Walter Barnett.*

Mlle. Beer is the youngest daughter of Mme. Edmond Beer, of 68, Avenue d'Iena, Paris, a sister of Baroness Robert de Rothschild, and a grand-niece of Meyerbeer, the composer. She is not yet twenty. Mr. Lionel de Rothschild, who was thirty in January, is the elder son of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and has been M.P. for the Aylesbury Division since 1910, when his first cousin, the Hon. Walter Rothschild, retired. The marriage will add yet another family union to the many amongst the Rothschilds.

*Photograph by Walter Barnett.*

Italian servant who let slip the secret of Mr. Sargent's alien citizenship deserves well of a country that is apt to lose its legal claim upon its great artists. Whistler pretended he was not born in the States; but what of Mr. Henry James? Is he on the register?

*Cabin Comfort.* Claps of thunder and a howling wind invaded the platform while Mr. Walter and Lady Doreen Long, with Sir George Armstrong and Major Morrison Bell, all bound for Canada, were making their farewells. Nor did Lord and Lady Onslow, the Hon. Rupert and Lady Gwendolen Guinness, and Lord Sackville make a much fairer start for the Dominion a few days before. But whatever the weather, it fell indifferently on Whig and Tory, a consolation fit for either party. Sir M. Grant Duff tells of a Channel crossing during which he and two other members of the Cabinet sank prostrate



NEW COLONEL OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS: GENERAL SIR CHARLES WHITTINGHAM HORSLEY DOUGLAS, G.C.B.

The new Colonel of the Gordons, in succession to the late Field-Marshal Sir George White, is Inspector-General of the Home Forces. He is in his sixty-second year, and a son of Mr. Douglas, of Lansdown House, near Bath.

*Photograph by Kate Pragnell.*

on to sofas on the right, or what might answer to the Ministerial side of the cabin. On the cushions opposite was a member of the Opposition, growing less happy every minute. It was only as he lifted his head to say, "When we get to the middle I mean to put a question to the Government," that his expression showed he had not taken the journey for nothing.

*Miss Drummond's Engagement.* When Miss Margaret Drummond, Lady Strathallan's elder daughter, marries Mr. Alfred

Tennyson, she will be very near the heart of the Government. Her future husband's step-father doubtless will amuse and amaze her with his revelations. "Is Mr. Birrell really indiscreet?" asked a Minister's wife of a departmental secretary. "I think not," was the answer. "He always makes us think that he tells us Cabinet secrets. But they are never the ones that matter."

*Links with the Past.* Mr. Marconi's holiday literature, it is reported, consists mainly of the portentous White Paper devoted to the story of the relations between the Government and the Company. But he has had time to come

across, perhaps in his own inventive brain, a somewhat lighter contribution to the history of his hobby. A Greek and a Jew argued the comparative antiquity of their respective civilisations. "But," said the Greek, "you know that they have been digging near Athens and found the remains of an installation prov-

ing that telegraphy was known there two thousand years ago." "That is quite true," replied the other; "and in my country they have dug deeper, and found — nothing. It was the wireless!"

*City of Dreadful Night.*

Although New York despatches its murders very openly, the

average visitor does not see them. The Duc de Montpensier (Prince Ferdinand of Orleans), however, chanced upon the real thing. Two years ago he and a friend were walking at night in Seventh Avenue when, to give themselves a sense of adventure, they stopped to converse about the weather with a policeman. Hearing explosions, the Duke remarked, "Fireworks, I suppose." "No," said the policeman, "somebody being shot." A moment later, a man ran into the group and fell. He had been hit in the back. Fifty yards further on they found another man lying on the pavement with bullet-wounds in head and shoulders. That was the Duke's first night in the city.



A PROMINENT FIGURE IN LONDON THIS SEASON: COUNT SOUMAROKOFF-ELSTON, ONLY SON OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS YOUSSOPOFF.

Felix, Count Soumarokoff-Elston, was born at St. Petersburg in March 1887. His father, Prince Youssouhoff, Count Soumarokoff-Elston, son of Felix-Nicolaïvitch, Count Soumarokoff-Elston, was born in 1856, and, in 1882, married Zénéide, Princess Youssouhoff.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



THE NEW GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE DOMINION OF NEW ZEALAND: THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

Lord Liverpool, who is to succeed Lord Islington as Governor of New Zealand, was State Steward and Chamberlain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (Lord Aberdeen) for two years, and in 1909 was appointed Comptroller of His Majesty's Household. In 1897 he married the Hon. Annette Louise Monck, only daughter of the fifth Viscount Monck. He is the second Earl of the 1905 creation, but the fifth holder of the title.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*

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## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOKIO! SHAKESPEARE IN JAPAN.



1. WITH WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND; A SCENE FROM "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," AS PRESENTED IN TOKIO.
2. TAKING FALSTAFF TO THE WASH! CHIWOMI AS SHALLOW, RIJU AS PAGE, MISS NAMIKO HATSUSE AS MISTRESS PAGE, KAUTARO AS FORD, AND MISS KIKUYE KAWAMURI AS MISTRESS FORD.

3. FALSTAFF AND THE BUCK BASKET: "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," IN JAPAN.
4. MISS FUSAKO FUJIMA AS MRS. QUICKLY.
5. MISS NAMIKO HATSUSE AS MISTRESS PAGE.
6. MISS KIKUYE KAWAMURA AS MISTRESS FORD.

We have had here Shakespeare without scenery, scenery with Shakespeare, Shakespeare in the open. We have also had Japanese actors, notably Sada Yacco and Kawakami. Now is a new chance for the enterprising producer. Why not present Shakespeare as it is given in Japan? Such a version as that illustrated—given at the Imperial Theatre, Tokio—would surely prove a great draw.



## WHY IMPORT? ANOTHER AMERICAN PLAY IN LONDON.

**Mr. Allan Aynsworth's Season.**—The 1912-13 season in the theatres has begun, the first move being made by a new actor-manager, Mr. Allan Aynsworth, whose admirable work as a player has won well-deserved popularity for him, which is no reason at all why he should become a manager. For there is no real connection between acting and managing, and, on the whole, a vast amount of injury has been caused to the stage and to drama by the actor-manager system. I might politely pretend that actors become managers because they are dissatisfied with the artistic qualities of the plays in which they are engaged to act. I might—but I don't, since there is no need for me to indulge in false pretences. As a matter of fact, we learn from the papers that Mr. Aynsworth is becoming a manager at the request of an American Syndicate, which is providing him with plays as well as money. And here one sees the reason why he starts his campaign with an American piece. The author is Mr. James Montgomery, a name which reminds me of one of the most famous and cruel of Macaulay's "Essays"; possibly there is no family connection between the author of the line, "As streams meander level with their font"—which I quote, or mis-quote, from memory—and the dramatist whose work with the taking title, "Ready Money," was produced two nights ago by Mr. Aynsworth, at the New Theatre. James Montgomery the first was a poet very greatly admired by many people, but up to now we have seen no works by the living author bearing that name. Yet London playgoers are acquainted with dramas by at least thirty American playwrights of our days. Fancy that! no fewer than thirty! and, looking back at the mass of them, and thinking, too, of the large number of existing English dramatists of great ability, I cannot

keep back a word of regret concerning the choice made by Mr. Aynsworth.

## Distinguished American Dramatists.

And yet, "Ready Money" may be a fine work of art, and therefore, be very welcome. Unfortunately, acquaintance with the American drama produced in London does not render one hopeful. One recollects with sincere admiration and pleasure the plays of "John Oliver Hobbes," bearing, of course, in mind the fact that they are only American in the very limited sense that the much-lamented writer was American by birth. Mr. C. B. Fernald has given us

dramas of the late Clyde Fitch, America's most successful dramatist, had freshness of idea as well as skill in treatment, but I have not forgotten or forgiven "Toddlers," or "A Woman in the Case." Also, Miss Peabody's drama, "The Piper of Hamelin," had some real poetic feeling. The distinguished novelist, Mr. Henry James, gave us an uneven comedy in "Guy Domville," containing work of the highest merit, and to some extent we saw the real Bret Harte in "Sue."

## Successful American Pieces.

Apart from what I have mentioned, what is there for consideration in the scores of American pieces seen by us? Success, no doubt, in some cases. Success for Mr. Gillette, with clever melodramas and farces; for Mr. McClellan as author of musical-comedy books and "Leah Kleshna"; for the authors of "Monsieur Beaucaire" and of "The Breed of the Treshams" and "Boys O'Carroll"; and

for Mr. David Belasco, and others. Unfortunately, such success has been with works that no critic regards seriously as drama. It is the curiosity and misfortune that the American dramas sent over here are not really American. I do not refer merely to the fact that many are merely adaptations, but to the absence from them of anything really founded on American or, indeed, human life; they are simply the more or less skilful puppet dramas of which England is growing, or has grown tired. A large number of them do not even pretend to deal with American life, and those that do, have what one may call local colour, but not local character. There may be—indeed, must be—in the States men who write real comedies of native life: Bronson Howard lived too soon, or would have done so. Clyde Fitch made some efforts, notably in "The Climbers," but the exporters, or importers, are apparently afraid to bring their works to England, and when they make the venture the pieces are treated as wine-merchants treat Italian wines. The general idea of American drama possessed by the Londoner is of violently theatrical plays, or heavily sentimental works, or tricky farces; sometimes the actual workmanship is very clever, as in the case of Mr. Gillette's melodramas, and, of course, there is much ability of a kind in all successful pieces. But, as a body, the imported drama of America has the "written for stars" taint upon it. As far as one can judge, the States, in the matter of drama, are to some extent in a condition like that of England before the modern movement began, and the circumstances of production are very unfavourable to the growth of a national comedy. No doubt we Europeans are partly to blame in the matter; for America has been a gigantic dumping-ground during many years past. Indeed, living playgoers look back to the time when there was comparatively small native competition in the States. We, however, do not want to be a dumping-ground. We are still willing, perhaps a little too willing, to welcome fine works of art from any land; but at a time when, against vast difficulties, new national drama is becoming established, we want all possible help from our native managers.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).



PART-ADAPTOR OF HER NOVEL "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM": MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

On Sept. 2, Mr. Charles Frohman is to present, at the Globe Theatre, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger's production of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," a stage version of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's book of the same name. The adaptation is by Mrs. Wiggin and Miss Charlotte Thompson.—[Photograph by Valinger.]

quite a fine modern quality in "The Married Woman," and a farce of some subtlety called "98.9." Mr. Knoblauch is part-author of the admirable comedy "Milestones," and there was originality in the play by Mr. Augustus Thomas, called "Alabama," though "The Earl of Pawtucket" was rather trying. Some of the



PRODUCER OF THE AMERICAN PLAY, "READY MONEY," AT THE NEW THEATRE: MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, THE LATEST ACTOR-MANAGER.

"Ready Money" is by Mr. James Montgomery. Mr. Allan Aynsworth is playing Jackson Ives, "an international character," who is a counterfeiter. After "Ready Money" he will present another American play, "Bought and Paid For."

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

## BUS-ING IT AND TAXI-ING IT OVER THE THAMES.



1. FLYING BETWEEN THE FOOT BRIDGES AND THE ROADWAY: MR. F. K. McCLEAN PASSING THROUGH THE TOWER BRIDGE ON HIS WATERPLANE WHILE ON HIS WAY FROM EASTCHURCH, ISLE OF SHEPPEY, TO WESTMINSTER.

2. BEFORE HIS "BUS" SIDE-SLIPPED IN THE AIR: MR. McCLEAN "TAXI-ING" UNDER THE TOWER BRIDGE ON HIS RETURN JOURNEY.

Just when M. Beaumont (Lieutenant Conneau) was expected in London, Mr. F. K. McClean, flying a Short-Farman waterplane, alighted on the Thames close to Westminster Bridge; so a British airman secured the honour of being the first to arrive in London by waterplane and come to "ground" on its great river. Mr. McClean flew from Eastchurch, through the Tower Bridge, and under London, Blackfriars, Waterloo, and Hungerford Bridges. The journey took an hour and a-half. The return flight was less successful: soon after it had passed the Tower Bridge, Mr. McClean's waterplane side-slipped in the air, struck the water, and had to be towed into London East Dock. It should be remarked that nearly every airman who flies a biplane likes to refer to his machine as a bus; while the water-plantist speaks of his machine as taxi-ing when it is skimming along the water.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

# CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS



THE HEIR TO THE EARLDOM  
OF LYTTON:  
VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH.

Lord Knebworth was born on May 13,  
1903.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

something very like autumn manœuvres (he visited the play of that name last Wednesday), has known a very different English August. Last year he watched Lady Marjorie Manners running races, and winning them, in her stocking-feet at Eaton. Indeed, he himself stood at the post and adjudged her first. This year no such camaraderie would have been possible, even if Lady Marjorie had still been Lady Marjorie, instead of a Marchioness honeymooning on board the wave-swept *Semiramis*. That nothing would please King Alfonso better than a dry week of English sports at Eaton, the scene of his own polo triumphs, and of the only "bull-fight" ever watched with a light heart by the Queen, is no secret. But up to the present his engagements in Spain have not permitted the making of many plans.

"Situations : Until he succeeds to the older barony, the Vacant."

Master of Elibank, who is raised to the same rank in the Peerage as his father, relinquishes a name that is as ancient as a very ruinous castle in Selkirk. But the castle is obscure as well as ruinous; and the name is most often taken on its face-value. "Maitre de la Banqued'Ely" was a reading offered not long ago in a Netherlands newspaper, and even in a London journal a hasty editor has passed a correspondent's equally hasty signature into print as "Eli Banks." Lord Cowdray, at any rate, is satisfied that there should be a definite

THE unprecedent wind and wet at Cowes swept the Roads clear of all but the more practised sailor; and Solent house-parties, within shut doors, were for once true to their name. King Alfonso, who is notably indifferent to the assaults of unruly weather, was more than once forced to take count of the downpour, and seek shelter for his family in the High Street. It was in a typically British establishment that Queen Victoria Eugenia, standing on her native soil (or, as it happened, on a floor of local sawdust) felt the irresistible call of childish memories. Bending to the level of her little daughter's ear, she whispered, "Rain, rain, go to—Spain!"

"Autumn Manœuvres." The King of Spain, who described his hasty coming and going in storms of cold wind and rain as

connection between the family and commerce. But if the offer of a partnership in Lord Cowdray's business is really the reason of the Chief Whip's retirement, the Party must beware: Lord Cowdray, for all one knows, may have his eye on a Cabinet Minister.

*The Dog and His Whip.* Mr. Percy Illingworth, bank's successor, is a man much esteemed by man and beast. To the devotion of his dog Trilby he owes the rescue of his family and himself from fire, for it seems fairly certain that, overcome by smoke and fumes, a part, at least, of his household would have been cut off from escape had not the sagacious retriever done his work in time. When, after the rescue, Lord Glenconner housed his homeless neighbours, Trilby was



AN ATTENDANT ON LADY MARJORIE MANNERS AT HER WEDDING : LADY HERMIONE LYTTON.

Lady Hermione was born in 1905.  
Photograph by Bassano.

also made much of. Since then there has been very little question as to the leading Liberal dog.

Lord Ellesmere's  
*Sic Donec* motto  
Whereabouts.

has been translated, "Bridgewater House will do till we are transferred to the Celestial Mansions." Perhaps the translation is somewhat free; at any rate, Bridgewater House has its blinds down for the time being, and Lord and Lady Ellesmere have gone to Worsley. Worsley dates from the same period as the town house, and in many ways is admirably suited to their needs, but the purchase of Mertoun by Lord Brackley indicates a desire for an occasional change of air and outlook. Worsley is too near Manchester, they agree, to belong to an authentic Paradise Row.

*Guns Again.* The Twelfth found Lord and Lady Kinnoull at Balhousie, Lord Cowdray at Dunech, and Lord Portsmouth and all other reasonable people at their posts in Yorkshire or Scotland. "Never mind the Roman Wall; show me the grouse," once said a Bishop to a painstaking host at Haworth,

showing that the Church is alive to temporal matters of moment, and Susan Lady Malmesbury tells of a Peer who on his death-bed said: "The Angel of Death is hovering over this house and if you don't feed those ducks on the lower pond, I'll be d—d if you won't lose them all." His passion was duck-shooting; now grouse has ousted all other winged things.



A LIEUTENANT IN THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE AND A SILK  
MR. WARINGTON BADEN-POWELL, K.C., PREPARING THE "NAUTILUS."  
AT THE ROYAL CANOE CLUB REGATTA, HAYLING ISLAND.

Mr. Baden-Powell, K.C., went to sea and served in various parts of the world between 1860 and 1873. He practices in the Admiralty Court, Wreck Court, and Northern Circuit, is a Lieutenant in the R.N.R., and gives his recreations as yachting, canoeing, cycling, and salmon-fishing.

Photograph by Sport and General.

and Lord Portsmouth and all other reasonable people at their posts in Yorkshire or Scotland. "Never mind the Roman Wall; show me the grouse," once said a Bishop to a painstaking host at Haworth,



THE ONLY BRIDESMAID; TWO OF THE LITTLE GIRL ATTENDANTS; AND THREE OF THE PAGES: CHARMING FIGURES AT LADY MARJORIE MANNERS' WEDDING.

On the left are: Lady Diana Manners, Miss Linnet Lafone (on her right), and Lady Hermione Lytton (on her left). On the right (from left to right) are the Hon. Sidney Herbert, Master Roger Chetwode, and the Hon. David Herbert.—[Photographs by L.N.A.]

## MAJESTY IN THE THROWS: SHY EXPRESSIONS OF KING ALFONSO.



1. READY TO ROLL, BOWL, OR PITCH: THE KING OF SPAIN AT THE COCONUT SHY.  
2. HAVING A WHACK AT AUNT-SALLY: KING ALFONSO, STICK-SHYER.  
3. MILLINERY EXPERT: KING ALFONSO JUDGING THE HAT-TRIMMING COMPETITION.

4. PAUSING TO SEE THE EFFECT OF A SHY: KING ALFONSO AT THE AUNT SALLY.  
5. DETERMINED TO SMASH THE PIPE: KING ALFONSO SHYING AT AUNT SALLY.  
6. YET ANOTHER: KING ALFONSO STILL BUSY WITH AUNT SALLY.

King Alfonso attended the Bazaar and Fête held in the grounds of Osborne Cottage the other day in aid of Whippingham School, a function opened by the Queen of Spain, and, as is usual with him on such occasions, enjoyed himself immensely, especially at the cocoanut shy and the Aunt Sally.

*Photographs by C.N., Topical, and Newspaper Illustrations.*

# KEYNOTES

THE COMING OF THE "PROMS." : ANTICIPATIONS AND NOTES.

YEAR by year the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall increase in interest and importance. There is always an ample measure of novelty, while the works that have achieved a certain enduring appeal, and those that are specially associated with the Queen's Hall Orchestra, give a sure foundation of popularity to the scheme. The season that is to open on Saturday night (Aug. 17) is the eighteenth under the management of Mr. Robert Newman. Concerts will be given nightly for ten weeks, and in that time twenty-two novelties are to be heard, of which rather less than half are by English musicians. At no concerts given in this country are new works by native composers more sure to find an attentive and appreciative hearing; it is safe to hold that the nine or ten works chosen by Sir Henry Wood are the pick of a very big basket. Yet when we pause to remember the number of professed and professional musicians in this country, subsequent reflections are not of the kind that make for optimism. In the ten weeks of the season, young England will be represented by one new effort per week, though we may be sure that no fresh work of sufficient attraction has been overlooked. Even the novelties are not, as a rule, by unknown men. One is by Coleridge-Taylor, another by Roger Quilter, a third by Frank Bridge, to take three names haphazard.

But there is so much good music in the world that, save from the rather barren point of view that national pride suggests, it does not matter greatly if the items making up an attractive programme are home-made or imported. We shall never become a musical nation merely on the strength of an increase in the modest number of our composers; it is far more important that the ranks of those who appreciate good music should be strengthened, and the process goes on apace at Queen's Hall throughout the Promenade Concert season. Nothing in the work of musicians has been more fruitful in its results, nothing has given so much sound instruction under popular conditions. The modest prices, the permission to smoke, the ability to stroll about at will—these are advantages that appeal strongly to the Londoner. It might be possible to develop them, to add a little to the comfort of the promenade, to revise the conditions under which refreshments are available, to improve the ventilation still further; but in all probability these improvements will only be forthcoming under the stress of competition, a stress that, if some London rumours crystallise, may not be long delayed. It should not prove destructive or even seriously prejudicial even if it arrive and succeed, for the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts are a part of our musical life, and their patrons will not cease to support a venture that has for so many summers made the London desert blossom in the latter days of August and early days of September, when all other musical enterprise is conspicuously absent. The programmes are a standing

tribute to the growth of popular appreciation for what is most worthy. In the old days a Promenade Concert depended for its success upon what was called popularity, but might, without any grave departure from the truth, have been called vulgarity. Then a change was brought about. Serious music was accorded half the space in the programme, and it was followed by trash. To-day the second half of a Promenade Concert is generally devoted to first-class music of the lighter kind, and almost the only blemishes are in some of the songs associated with this section; a large number of them being more in keeping with the old-time Promenade Concert than with the new. But the first half of the programme seldom fails to invade the time-limit of the second; the lovers of serious music and first-class songs leave in large numbers at the interval, and so it happens that the second half of the programme is generally a thing of no account. The public taste runs steadily and strongly in the direction of music worth hearing, and many a complex score that would not under old conditions have been placed upon the programme of a symphony concert without a certain measure of opposition and misgiving now gains an appreciative hearing at the "Proms." Dr. Richard Strauss has certainly gained no small part of his English audience from the Promenade Concerts, where his Symphonic Poems are in demand, and his "Domestic Symphony" has been received with a favour that, twenty years ago, would have been reserved for Jullien's "British Army Quadrilles." So great has been the development of the sense of appreciation that Sir Henry Wood is slowly departing from his old habit of dottin every "i" and crossing each "t" in the works of the Masters. This policy, which could not but irritate those who were perfectly familiar with Beethoven's Symphonies and the concert-room selections from Wagner's operas, was doubtless a well-considered one, and the fact that it has been in a very large measure abandoned is a striking tribute to the success of the work inaugurated at Queen's Hall in the closing years of the last century.

One cannot go often to the Promenade Concerts without a tribute of admiration, even though it be unexpressed, for Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra. Neither he nor they will allow the most trying weather to damp their enthusiasm, and it must not be forgotten that the work presented calls for rehearsal, and that the two hours' traffic of the platform in the cool (?) of the evening is not the only effort demanded. But it



AMERICAN DANCERS IN THE "GUIDE TO PARIS," AT THE ALHAMBRA : WALTON AND MORICE.



A SENSATIONAL SUCCESS IN "THE GUIDE TO PARIS": WALTON AND MORICE.

*Photographs by Bassano.*

will be admitted that the Queen's Hall Orchestra does not indulge in "off nights." A standard of energy and enthusiasm is maintained under all conditions, and each work in the first half of the programme, at least, is approached as though it were the piece upon which all attention had been concentrated. When we remember that sixty concerts are given in the ten weeks when London is least attractive, the full measure of the achievement is seen to be remarkable.

COMMON CHORD.

## GOOD GOODS!



THE GUN: Is your gunpowder good?

THE SHOPMAN: Good is it, yer honour! Whoi a cask o' it got on fire the other day  
an' half o' it burnt up before I could get a pail o' water.

## WE SUFFER, TOO! GERMAN NUISANCES: BY A GERMAN.

DRAWN BY FRITZ KOCH-GOTHA.



1. THAT IDIOTIC LAUGH: THE THEATRE NUISANCE.

3. THAT INFERNAL WALTZ: THE WHISTLING NUISANCE.

2. THAT FRIENDLY CALL IN OFFICE HOURS: THE VISITOR NUISANCE.

4. THAT IMPASSABLE BARRIER OF LEGS: THE PUBLIC CARRIAGE NUISANCE.

The Bore is one of the commonest animals of Europe, and would be shot on sight were not the laws of the land hard upon those who kill. The German suffers the living nuisance in his midst just as much as we do; our sympathy is with him. Well do we realise what it means to him to have to endure the fiend who holds you by the buttonhole while he tells a yarn old in the days of the Pharaohs; the man who monopolises the public telephone call-office; the portly person who will speak on all

*[Continued opposite.]*

## GERMAN NUISANCES: BY A GERMAN WHO HAS SPIED THEM.

DRAWN BY FRITZ KOCH-GOTHA.



1. THAT FUNNY STORY OF THE PHARAOHS: THE BUTTONHOLE  
NUISANCE. | 2. THAT INTERMINABLE CONVERSATION: THE PUBLIC-CALL-OFFICE  
NUISANCE.
3. THAT "HERREN UND DAMEN" DRIVEL: THE AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER NUISANCE.

*Continued.]*  
possible and impossible occasions; the playgoer who laughs to the pain of his neighbours; the friend who calls for a chat during the busiest hour of your busiest day; the whistler of waltzes; and, above all, he who stretches himself across the public carriage, the rudest of barriers.

## FRIVOLITIES

## OF PHRYNETTE



## THE MAIL-BAG OF A LAZY BAGGAGE.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

*Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."*

**B**UFFON said, or rather, repeated after many others, that the lion was the king of animals. Buffon, and his predecessors, were wrong; the king of animals is—the lizard! The lizard has taken the lion's share out of what life gives us—leisure and a crevice. To the lizard go all joys that make existence a feast.

Sunny *volupté*, privacy between two stones, exciting explorations through moss and mortar, the cruel enjoyment of pursuit after dancing insects, blessed laziness perfumed with mint and marjoram. The lizard possesses the grace of the snake, the alertness of the bird, the wisdom of the hermit. It surveys the world from the cranny in its wall, and—prefers the dust among which it lives. Withal, that creature is so human that, should you break off its tail, it will grow one again, and think not a whit less of Fate—for all the world, as you and I grow a fresh heart to replace our broken one. Happy, three times happy, lizard! I know; I am doing the lizard for all I am worth. I am holidaying. Some people take a holiday—my holiday takes me. Oh, I make not the least show of resistance. There is nothing a woman enjoys

must be my cousins, for what is in a common name if not cousinship? So hail, Cousin Jeremiah Curtin, of California; and Cousin Bryan Curtin of the Transvaal, hail! Thank you for writing me—blood is thicker than ink; and also many thanks to my doctor friend, "The Father of Another Phrynette," for his clever letter and no less clever verses. I am sorry ever to have generalised so much in my lack of appreciation of trained nurses, and can imagine his own Phrynette as gentle a nurse as Sleep itself. With lavender eyes, and a print frock to match, a lily cap and apron, and hands like sweet ointment—I wish it had been my luck to be in South Australia when I was ill. I can also quite well believe that my doctor friend's golden opinion of all nurses is justified. Austen affirms that lady post-office employees are superior to men in quickness, intelligence, and amiability; and I assure him with no less truth that male employees always show themselves so much quicker, intelligent, and amiable. We are both right, you see; or why should men wave our hair and maids dispense whisky at the bar?

Many thanks also to my witty correspondent of Corstorphine (it is in Scotland, is it not?) for her letter and newspaper cuttings. No, I did not know that divorce was so easy for the poor in Scotland, though seven years' desertion is not such a bagatelle. As Jacob; besides, he did not wait those seven years all on his lonesome. He had already one wife to wait with him. How jolly, by the way, those seven years of expectation must have

been for the wife in possession! If Scotch divorce is made accessible to all, it is only as it should be: where ingress is so dangerously facile, egress should not be altogether impossible. I would even invest the village smithy with the power of undoing what he did. He who beat the iron while it was hot should be able to break open the irksome chains he forged. Or is the village smithy a mere picturesque figure of legend?

Dear lady, how ever did you guess I would enjoy an "eightsome reel"? Wouldn't I just? But how clever of you to know! I might have been stout, sixty, and gouty, with flat feet and varicose veins! But my correspondent is evidently charmingly optimistic. Does she not tell me (from first-hand information) that to be married to an Irishman, "even after thirteen years, is great fun"? Oh, yes; marriage is a fine game—one in which we never say, "I leave it to you, partner." Whether with an Irishman or a Hottentot, marriage is a vast joke—sometimes an excellent joke. The only drawback of it is that it repeats itself 365 times in the year, and, with some of us, its 365 repetitions find our sense of humour blunted. Such is the sad fate of the very best joke!



WITH HIS SON AND HEIR, THE REV. THE MARQUESS OF NORMANBY.

The Marchioness of Normanby gave birth to a son last month and thus provided the Marquess with an heir to add to his two daughters. The Rev. Constantine Charles Henry Phipps, third Marquess of Normanby, was born in 1846 and succeeded in 1890. From 1872 until 1890 he was Vicar of St. Marks, Worsley, and from 1891 until 1907 Canon of Windsor. In 1903 he married Gertrude Stanfeld, younger daughter and co-heiress of the late Johnston J. Foster, of Moor Park, Ludlow.

*Photograph by Record Press.*

so much as yielding when she should not.

Will all the charming people to whom I owe letters please accept this explanation and forgive my laziness? Will they also accept now and *en bloc* my thanks for the very amiable things they write of *The Sketch* and of the irresponsible page I fill in it? I have never yet conversed therein with any of my correspondents, and I mean to answer them all privately as soon as August is over and I am sober again. No one worthy of Life is quite that in midsummer. There is too much honey in the air.

But my conscience is getting heavier and heavier, together with my mail-bag. To begin with, my family is increasing almost every day. No, no; I am not an "old woman," and do not live "in a shoe." Family, I believe, applies to all degrees of relationship, and I have several new cousins. I have always wanted cousins, and now I find myself with nice grown-up ones. For they are quite right—they



ENGAGED TO MISS CLARICE SEBAG-MONTEFIORE, BARON ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD.

*Photograph by Val l'Estrange.*

We are not all so patient as Jacob; besides, he did not wait those seven years all on his lonesome. He had already one wife to wait with him. How



ENGAGED TO BARON ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD, OF VIENNA: MISS CLARICE SEBAG-MONTEFIORE.

Miss Clarice Adelaide Sebag-Montefiore is the only daughter of Mr. Edmund Sebag-Montefiore, of 30, Bryanston Square, and formerly of Zeals House, Wilts.

*Photograph by Val l'Estrange.*

## PUER SWANK!



BERTIE: Awfully sorry, Nurse; but it was a pure accident.

NURSE: Indeed! And I suppose the window you broke yesterday was a pure accident, too?

BERTIE: Yes, Nurse; but not quite so pure as this one.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## NATURE WRIT SMALL.

BY OWEN OLIVER.

THE physician had finished his sounding and his tapping and the other tests to try the physical encasement of a man. He leaned back in his chair behind the shaded lamp, and Anstruther leaned forward in the chair that the light fell upon. Perhaps the physician continued his examination even then, for there was an interval before he spoke.

" You write very excellent stories," he remarked at last. " I know them."

" Thank you," Anstruther acknowledged; " but it's rather a question of the author."

The physician nodded.

" There's nothing the matter with you," he pronounced. He took up his penholder by the end and wagged it. " If you aren't careful, there might be."

Anstruther pushed the lamp aside to face the doctor.

" You mean that I overwork?" he suggested.

" No doubt; but it takes a lot of work to hurt a man. I do too much work myself. Most people do who are any use in the world. It's not a question of quantity, but of quality." He paused for a moment. " You don't choose actual people and actual events to write about," he observed.

" I'm not a police-court reporter," Anstruther protested.

" There's very good material in a police-court. Still, you're the best judge. Anyhow, you don't find your material in real life, but in your own mind."

" That's so."

" Having invented your characters, you put them in the lathe of your mind and turn them into such a semblance of reality that you deceive other people. The danger is that you do your work too well; almost well enough to deceive yourself. You are a bachelor, I gather, and you keep very little society. The children of your imagination are your daily comrades. Do you follow me?"

" I follow your meaning; but if you think that I confuse my story-people with reality, you're wrong."

" I don't think you do now; but I think it might come to that. I think you have gone so far along the road that you take quite insufficient interest in real people and real life. That is the first step."

" To what?"

" Nervous collapse, or worse—say, hallucination. Suppose, for example, you worked up a particularly interesting story-character to a little more than usual vividness; that this happened at a time when you were run down—as you are—and had even less than your usual interest in actuality; that you didn't sleep very well, and thought your idea over and over till it got on your nerves? We all do that sort of thing sometimes; but real life comes upon us like a blare of trumpets, and scatters the worrying fancies. . . . I am not sure if reality will always blare to you. I don't object to your characters being vividly present to your mind—that is part of your admirable art. I object to real life being so unvivid. If you should crowd it out entirely—I am speaking of a remote contingency to be guarded against, that is all."

" Perhaps," Anstruther admitted, " I am too much of a recluse, and too absorbed in my stories. I don't want them to be out of touch with real life."

" No." The physician smiled. " But it's rather a question of the author!"

Anstruther laughed suddenly.

" I've betrayed myself," he owned. " I see what you mean. I look at everything as a question of stories. Well, what am I to do, doctor?"

" The first thing is to tone up physically. Go to a seaside place

where you have friends. Drench yourself in fresh air and sunshine. When you've recovered enough energy, take plenty of outdoor exercise. Above all, give your imagination a holiday."

" Leave off breathing!" cried Anstruther.

" It isn't so difficult as that. There's no substitute for breath. There's an excellent substitute for imagination. Take an interest in real people; study them, and, if you can, like them—or even hate them! Take an interest in real things. Try golf. You may shrug your shoulders. The ball is only the carrot in front of the donkey's nose; but it keeps him trotting out in the fresh air. Now, Mr. Anstruther, I've led you to the water, go and drink."

" Thanks." Anstruther held out the fee. The physician jingled it and put it in his pocket. " I'll try to drink the medicine."

" The best medicine of all would be a wife and family," the doctor said. " Some real people are very interesting when you understand them. Good-bye, and good luck. I have a kindly feeling for the author who has given me so many pleasant half-hours, you'll understand."

" Good-bye," said Anstruther; " and again, thank you."

They shook hands, and then he went.

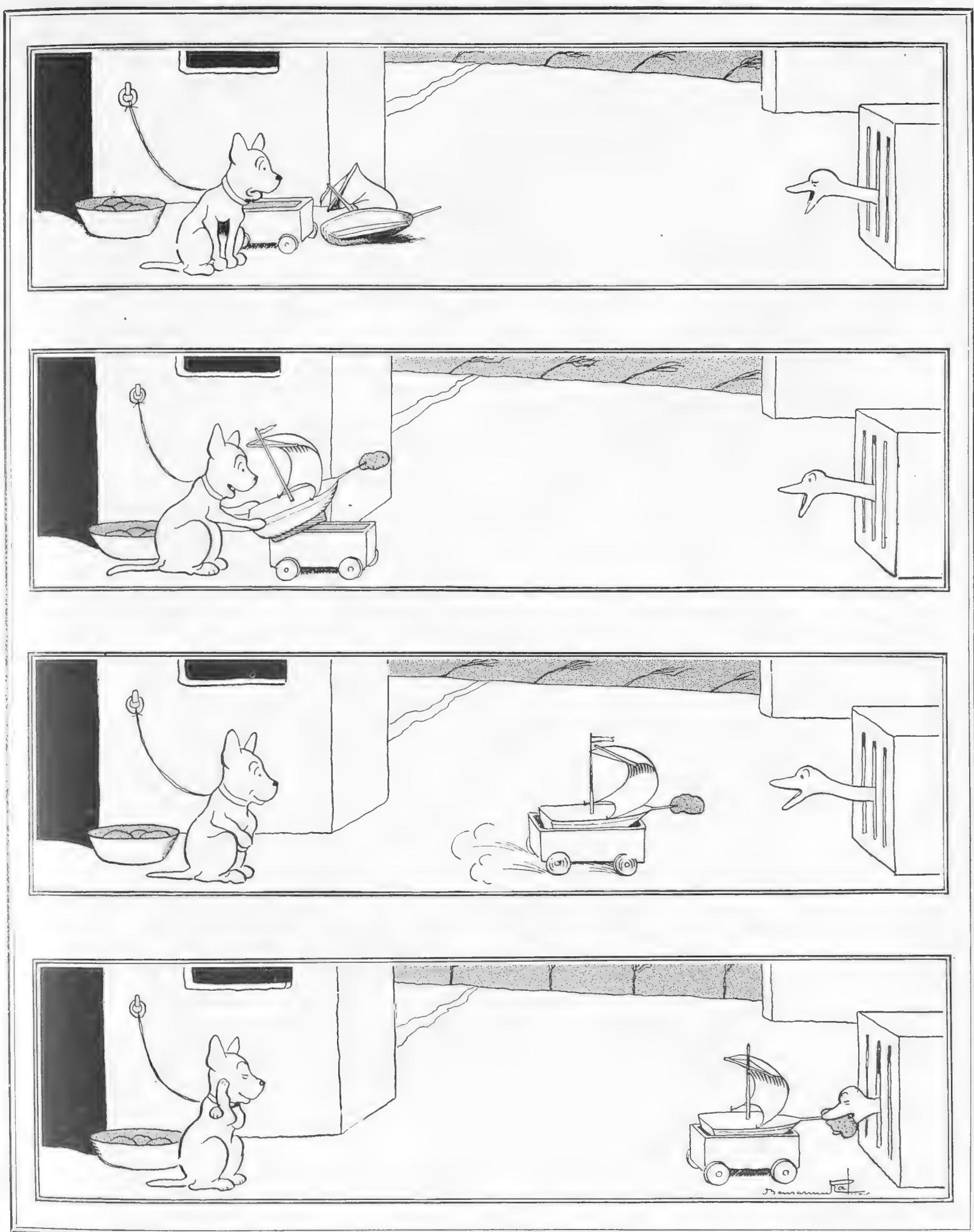
He wrote that afternoon to a man named Trefall. He had been Anstruther's first editor, and they had always been friendly, though Trefall was twenty years the older. A few years before, some unexpected casualties had made him heir to an old property in Cornwall. He thought that he had more taste for a country life than for literature. So he gave up his work and settled at Trefall Castle, a place with a history of fifteen hundred years. Anstruther had been there once or twice. He thought that he would rather go to the Trefalls than anywhere else, because they would let him alone. Trefall spent a good deal of time in his library, the literary habit refusing to be eradicated. Mrs. Trefall was by nature a housewife. Their only daughter was a mouse of a girl, about four-and-twenty, whose occupation was to play providence to the village. Her father said that she was clever. She talked too little to disprove the statement. She was a good listener, and supplied Anstruther with the necessary audience.

Trefall answered Anstruther's letter by a wire. " Come now. We shall like to have you!" Anstruther went. He took some quaint books for Trefall, a novel bread-cutting machine for his wife, and a vanity-bag and several Eastern curios for the mouse of a girl. He appreciated his audience; and, so far as he thought upon the subject, he appreciated the atmosphere of goodness that went with her. When he wanted a foil to his neurotic heroines, he put in a good, quiet girl on the lines of Myra Trefall.

He was comfortable enough at the Castle; but from the first some doubt occurred to him whether his environment was not more suited to excite imagination than reality. It was a romantic place perched on a romantic cliff at the edge of the sea, and there were wonderful tales about it. Trefall was working at a history of the locality. He overflowed with legend and weird lore that stimulated the imagination of an imaginative writer. Mrs. Trefall overflowed with housewifery, and that did not stimulate Anstruther as a counter-irritant. The mouse-like daughter was very mousy-quiet, and he could not find the cleverness in her. She made no attempt to stimulate his mind, but she showed an active interest in his physical welfare. She took him on her daily tours of beneficence. She offered to take him to see the neighbours, but he did not want society. She proposed to teach him to drive a motor or to sail a boat, but he postponed the learning until he was "fitter." She played him at chess now and then, and lost cheerfully. She beat him shamefully at billiards. In short, she did her kindly best to entertain him; but chiefly he talked

*[Continued overleaf.]*

## THE DOG - TO - DUCK EXPRESS : DINING - CAR.



FIDO THE FOOD-PROVIDER: A POTATO FOR THE FAMISHING DUCK.

DRAWN BY BENJAMIN RABIER.

and she listened ; and when he talked to her, and when he didn't, his mind was always full of ideas, and the stories that he made of them.

At the moment his ideas centred round the legends of the Castle. He was particularly fascinated by the local version of the old Sleeping Beauty story. There had been, they said, a Trefall maid of old named Moira ; and she loved a local Lancelot named and titled Sir Hugh ; and he went away to fight giants and dragons and enchanters ; and he never came back ; and it was said that a wizard had thrown him into a sleep for a thousand years and half a thousand years. When Moira heard of this she prayed the local witch to put her into a sleep too ; and the story said that still she lay sleeping, somewhere among the ruins that surrounded the old castle, waiting, like a true maid, for her lover to come and wake her with his kiss, after the thousand years and half a thousand years.

"There is a truth in it," Trefall said, "as in all folk-lore. The legend is nature writ small. There is a sleeping soul in every woman, and it wakes at the kiss of the right man."

Anstruther worked the legend out in many ways ; and, as a writer is apt to do, he used himself for the hero, and found the Sleeping Beauty ; and she woke his soul when he woke hers. This was his contribution to the legend. In his world of imagination he had a soul to wake for love of a woman, though in his real world he never looked for her.

At times he remembered the physician's warning, and tried to flee from his imagination ; and then he anchored himself to the only reality within reach—the mouse-like girl, with her clear, sweet voice, and her quiet brown eyes, and her charity to all the world around her. He even took an intermittent interest in her poor clients, and sometimes did kindnesses for them ; but he always went on to put them into a story.

"I think people are made to help," the girl told him once, "and you think they are made to write about ! You will make a pretty story of old Mother Jenkins going shivering because she has given her wrap to cover her daughter's baby. I shall give her a new shawl."

"No," he said, with a flush ; "I will give her the shawl, please. I am like Swift's philosophers, Myra. I want a flapper to rouse my attention . . . like your Sleeping Beauty—only nobody wakes me."

The mouse-girl looked up at him with her gentle brown eyes.

"You are the knight," she said, "who should go and wake the sleeper. Perhaps you would get wakened yourself then." She laughed softly. Her laugh was rare, but singularly pleasant.

"Yes," he agreed. "I've put that in a story."

"A story !" she protested ; and she shook her head and laughed again. "Stories won't wake the poor sleeper. You must go and find her and—do you know, old Grandfather Morgan makes out that she sleeps in one of the galleries of the west ruins. He says there is an entrance by the waves under Fell Point, and he got half-way in when he was a boy, and a dragon or something frightened him nearly out of his life ! He has a queer, versified version of the legend that I like best of all ; but father says it's only thirteenth century and monkish. He has traced Fell Point in an early-Norman charter, a hundred years before the tower was ruined. So the name is nothing to do with its falling down, as the verses seem to make out. Anyhow, this comes in old Morgan's doggerel—

Man found woman, and they fell;  
Man lost woman; by this spell  
He who seeks at place of Fell,  
Wakes with kiss to love him well.

Anstruther's sleepy eyes seemed to wake.

"I'll put that in the story !" he declared delightedly.

"Oh !" cried the girl, with a sad little laugh. "Your stories ! . . . Well, I must go and dress for dinner. Good-bye, man of dreams !"

She ran indoors, and left him pacing the edge of the cliff. It was seven on a late October night, and a full moon was shining, and Fell Point looked as it had looked in the days when knights rode through the land, with ladies' gages in their helmets. He walked up and down thinking over his story ; and presently he walked toward the ruined West Tower, taking the lower path that led to the waves underneath. The moonlight glinted from the white boulders that were strewn along the cliff-side. His imagination easily turned them into shapes : now the form of Moira, who flitted from cave to cave, robed in clinging white ; now the tall form of a lover, who followed her in shining silver armour. Gaunt rocks in the shadow made dragons and giants and enchanters. He would go right down into a cave, he decided, and catch more "local colour" for the legend ; and he would make it into a great story.

He chose a cave with a large entrance that simulated an ancient

archway. The light wind played upon it and made a faint, dreamy music within ; the music, he fancied, of the bards who played on their harps when Moira was laid ceremoniously to her long rest, "dight in broidery of gold, with her fayre face only uncovered," that the knight who had waited a thousand years and half a thousand years to see it should not wait a second longer.

There was a semicircle of moonlit rock under the arch. Beyond this the darkness stood like a wall. Anstruther went in two steps beyond the moonlight ; at the second he slipped and fell. His head struck something. . . . Then a light grew out of the sides of the cave, and he saw it all like a great bare hall. There was a door at the far end, and he rose—so he believed—and went on.

The door opened at his touch, and he found himself in a long passage covered with hangings worked with the needle, and lit with brazen lamps. The passage led to others, and here and there they opened into halls ; and in some of these, on oaken benches, retainers sat asleep, with sleeping dogs at their feet. A silken thread lay along the way, and he took this to be the clue that led the true knight to his true lady, and followed it.

He came at last to a lofty room, hung with rich tapestry, and with thick carpets on the floor. Presently he saw that much of the thickness was dust, and that cobwebs overhung the hangings of the walls. A couch was in the centre of the hall, under a canopy. Cobwebs overhung this too, and reached down to the floor like transparent curtains. They were so strong that he could not part them, but he could see through.

A sleeping girl lay upon the couch, dressed in robes embroidered with gold. Her face was uncovered and upturned. It was the face of Myra Trefall !

It seemed to him strange at first that this heroine of mighty legend should have just the quiet, pensive face of the mouse-girl, the same faint trace of a smile ; but when he thought of what beauties he would have desired to find, he could think of no face that he would have liked so well. Since he was the knight to wake her, he was glad that she was like Myra—so marvellously like that it might be Myra sleeping there. . . . It was not so wonderful, after all. Who should be like the lady who was true and good but Myra—the sweetest maid that he had met outside his stories ? Yes ; he was glad that Moira looked like her, and he had no fear to wake her, or that his soul would fail to wake with her soul.

He seized the cobweb curtains, but could not rend them ; struggled with them for a long, long time. They were hard, like wires, and cut his hands ; and yet inside they looked so easy to part, if the sleeper would wake and part them ; and presently he called to her.

"Myra !" he cried—he had forgotten that this was Moira—"Myra !"

The girl opened her eyes—Myra's soft brown eyes—and smiled at him, raised herself on one elbow, put out the other hand—a slender white hand like Myra's—and touched the curtains. They fell apart, and he knelt and pressed his lips to hers, and then—

He found himself facing the moonlit sea at the mouth of the cave with an entrance like an arch ; and on his lips there was the memory of a kiss. He was borne in someone's arms, and someone staggered. He looked up and saw Myra's face. He had known before he looked whose face he would see. Her lips quivered, and running down one cheek there was a little tear. She gave a cry when he opened his eyes, staggered to a boulder outside the cave and put him down upon it. She stood beside him, and wiped her eyes hastily and tried to laugh.

"I was afraid you were badly hurt," she said in her usual quiet voice, "but I think you have only knocked your head. When you did not come to dinner, I knew you would be here looking for—for a story. Did you find it ?" She tried again to laugh. "I was rather unnerved," she confessed. "I thought you were killed, and it was your ghost that called."

"Did I call ?" he asked.

"Yes," she told him. "If you hadn't, I must have gone for a lantern. You were right inside in the dark. I had to grope about. . . . Do you know, it is the cave that Grandfather Morgan means ? Did you find her ?"

He staggered to his feet and passed his hand over his head. The hair was matted in one place with blood. He stared and stared at the mouse-like girl as she stood in the moonlight with her back to the rock. His mind had always known that, to him, she was the sweetest woman in the world, and now his heart knew.

"Did you find her ?" she repeated. She tried to speak lightly, but she clasped and unclasped her hands.

"Tell me, dear," he said, and took her face in his hands. She closed her eyes shyly, and he seemed to look upon the face of the Sleeping Beauty. When he kissed it the eyes opened and smiled. . . .

THE END.



# ON THE LINKS

**THE DEAD FIELD-MARSHAL OF GOLF: HONOUR OF THE ANCIENT OFFICE: HOLED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.**

The Field-Marshall of Golf. I wonder who will be elected as the new Field-Marshall of the Royal Blackheath Golf Club in place of the late Lieutenant-Colonel

Edmund Hegan Kennard, about whose honourable career and the end of it there has been less written in the papers than should have been. This office of Field-Marshall which Colonel Kennard held is unique, and it made him an exceedingly distinguished member of the golfing fraternity. He was one who was well worthy of all the honour that could be accorded to him—a golfer of the very best kind in action and spirit, and one of the pioneers of the game in the South, helping to plant it at Wimbledon when previously it had been played nowhere else in these parts save at Blackheath itself. The Field-Marshall is a great overlord, above the captain, above everybody, and when once he is elected to the office he holds it for life. On his appointment he receives the Field-Marshall's medal, which has the rose, shamrock, and thistle, with the motto "Vi et arte" on one side, and a list of the holders of the office on the other, and he is told that he is expected to wear the medal, as all his predecessors did, at every golf meeting, and to do all that in him lies to maintain the honour and dignity of the club, also that if any attempts should be made to interfere with its rights he will aid the executive in endeavouring to put down such interference, so that the club may continue to hold the high and honourable position it has done ever since its institution in 1608. The investiture is then made with much ceremony, and the new Field-Marshall takes the oaths and kisses a club as a sign of his faithfulness.

An Ancient Office. Now this

office of Field-Marshall was established about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and in the more than a hundred years that it has endured so far there have been only ten occupants of it. These, in order, have been John Walker, William Wilson, Thomas Longlands, Thomas Jameson, Alexander Innes, George Lindsay, Robert Stewart Flemyngh, Charles Sutherland, Sir Hugh Hume Campbell, Bt., and Lieutenant-Colonel Kennard. That is a splendid list. The longest reign of all was that of Mr. Lindsay from 1831 to 1857, and that of his successor, Mr. Flemyngh, the shortest, for he died in the following year. Colonel Kennard had been Field-Marshall through the period which saw the great boom in golf in the South begin and flourish, for he was elected and invested on April 17, 1894. He was captain of the club as far back as 1875. All those old Field-Marshals were great men at the game, and finely did they encourage the happiest customs that were in vogue in their time. The first Field-Marshall,

Mr. Walker, was a great specimen. When he was made captain of the club, more than a hundred years ago, he did so, as it was said, "expressing his acknowledgments for the honour done him in a very strong, energetic, and feeling manner," and to this it is added that "the minutes of the previous meeting were read twice and approved of." Why they needed to read them twice I can hardly guess. It was entered on the minutes while Mr. Walker was captain and Field-Marshall too that "it was observed by the chairman that a heavy expense was daily incurred by the club from Madeira wine being drunk during dinner. Ordered that in future sherry be put upon the table,

but should any gentleman prefer drinking white wine after dinner, then Madeira may be called for." And the very next item after this is an announcement that Mr. Walker had paid "his nuptial gallon." The members of the R.B.G.C. in those days subscribed their gallons to the mess whenever anything of importance happened in their affairs. Mr. Longlands was another great captain and Field-Marshall. It was he who prepared and designed the medal.



A STUDY IN BELIEF!  
Jones — handicap 24 — does the third in one!

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.

pin. Kennard's partner then played the odd to about three yards from the hole, so Mr. Kennard himself had to play the two more. He was walking up to his ball to do so when, to his astonishment, he saw both balls begin to move. They had both been at rest for an appreciable time, and there was no apparent reason why they should begin to move, but move they did, and while the opponents' ball rolled away from the hole and finally stopped four yards from it, the ball of Mr. Kennard and his partner began to run towards the hole and went into it! Of course, these rollings counted as belonging to the last strokes that were played, and so the opposition, instead of having the hole at their mercy, as it had appeared, had now only a four-yards putt for the half, and they missed it. What had happened? Something very unusual. The balls were set rolling by an earthquake that was proceeding quietly while the match was going on.

HENRY LEACH.

In these days we are always hearing of strange happenings on the links, and mention of the loss that the game has suffered by the death of Colonel Kennard reminds me of what has always seemed to me to be the queerest thing of its kind that has ever taken place during the playing of the game. Colonel Kennard's son, then out in India, was concerned in the matter. Four of them were playing a foursome, and the side opposing that on which Mr. Kennard was had played a very fine stroke to a certain hole, the ball stopping dead only about a foot from the

"LIKE THUNDER AFTER LIGHTNING": THE KIEL RELEASE.

ENGLISHMEN ARRESTED AS "SPIES," ABOARD THE "SILVER CRESCENT."



1. FOUR OF THE FIVE YACHTSMEN GERMAN OFFICIALS IMAGINED TO BE SPIES, BUT SOON SET FREE: DR. ALAN MOORE (NOT ARRESTED); MR. L. H. SHEFFIELD; MR. W. R. MACDONALD; DR. NORCLIFFE ROBERTS; AND MR. GREGORY ROBINSON (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT).

2. UNDER THE CHARGE OF A GERMAN PILOT: THE "SILVER CRESCENT" PASSING THROUGH THE KIEL CANAL—MR. ROBINSON AND MR. MACDONALD IN THE STERN.

On Saturday, Aug. 3, five Englishmen, making a pleasure cruise in the yacht "Silver Crescent," and then in Kiel Bay, were arrested and detained at Kiel for examination, certain German officials imagining them to be spies; while their boat was seized by the police. On the 8th the travellers were released, there being not the slightest evidence to sustain the charge. Their experience in prison was not, of course, pleasant, but none of them complain about it. They say, further, "We hope that our arrest, for which our free-and-easy English behaviour was largely responsible, will cause no ill-feeling between England and Germany." Some of the Jingo papers of Germany are not pleased. The "Kieler Neueste Nachrichten," for example, said: "It is incomprehensible that the release should follow the wish of England like thunder after lightning, without a proper inquiry being instituted." The yachtsmen concerned were Mr. W. R. Macdonald, an engineer, in command; Mr. L. H. Sheffield, solicitor; Dr. D. M. Stone, House Surgeon at the Metropolitan Hospital; Mr. Gregory Robinson, marine artist; and Dr. Norcliffe Roberts. Dr. Alan Moore, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, left the party the day before the arrest.

*Photographs supplied by Topical.*

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A MAMMOTH CARAVAN; THE BADGE TO SAVE THE STRANDED; A GRAND PRIX PLAN.

**A Motor Caravan-de-Luxe.**

Visitors to the Automobile Exhibition of 1909 will recall the wonderfully complete motor-caravan which was there shown and had been built by the Austin Motor Company to the order of Mr. Arthur du Cros. Very little has been seen or heard of this Brobdingnagian vehicle since then, and I had never learned that Mr. du Cros had made much use of it. It seemed to me at the time that it would prove a very cormorant for tyres, as twin Dunlop pneumatics were used. During the late Grand Prix Race, I renewed my acquaintance with this luxurious vehicle, and found it to be very comfortably equipped. The saloon is convertible into a bedroom and lavatory, there is a dressing-room and kitchen, and the travelling staff find sleeping accommodation on the roof. This, however, was converted into a grand stand on the occasion in question. The caravan is propelled by a 40-h.p. Austin engine, and I believe all the body-work was carried out at the Austin works, whose body-work is proverbial. Two excellent illustrations of this moving residence are given in the August issue of the *Austin Advocate*.



THE WAR OFFICE AEROPLANE TESTS ON SALISBURY PLAIN: CAPTAIN HAMILTON (PILOT) AND LIEUTENANT LAWRENCE READY FOR FLIGHT.

*Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.*

**Free Transit After Breakdown.** The "badge that will get you home" having been approved by the General Committee of the Royal Automobile Club, it can now be obtained by members and associates and members of associated clubs. The possession of this badge entitles its holder to aid when stranded on the roadside from any mechanical breakdown entailing a complete stoppage. The disc is presented, or sent by an R.A.C. Touring Guide or the first available messenger, to the nearest R.A.C. repairer, who will, in accordance with his agreement with the Club, at once send a relief car to convey the party either to their home or headquarters, if within a distance of twenty miles of the place of accident, or to the nearest convenient railway station within the above distance, or alternately, to tow the broken-down car, with its passengers, a distance not exceeding ten miles. All this will be done free of expense to the car-owner, and the announcement of the scheme, coupled with the installation of the Road Guides' Brigade, which is increased in strength every week, is resulting in a large additional membership. At the last General Committee meeting over 400 individual associates were elected.

**Huntingdon Mending Its Ways.** For a long time past Huntingdon, by reason of its inconsiderately administered police-traps and the severity of its sentences, has been a county taboo to the motorist. The boycott which has obtained for some time appears now, however, to be bearing fruit, if so mixed a metaphor be allowed. The Royal Automobile Club, in defending two of its members within four days of each other, has succeeded in getting both summonses dismissed. One of these cases is believed to be the first case under Section 1 of the Motor-Car Act in the county which has been dismissed on its merits. Hitherto it has been the invariable practice of the magistrates to accept as infallible the evidence of the police on the question of speed, and in the event of its being

over twenty miles per hour, to convict the unhappy motorist for driving to the danger. This, of course, means the endorsement of the driver's license. In another case, although the maximum speed of the speedometer showed fifteen, the police declared that the car was running at twenty-seven miles per hour.

**Next Year's Grand Prix.**

The conditions and regulations for next year's Grand Prix Race as issued betimes by the Sports Committee of the Automobile Club of France, appear to give general all-round satisfaction. Summarised, they mean that no competing car must consume more than twenty litres of petrol for every 100 kilometres covered, and that no car may weigh

less than 800, or more than 1100 kilogrammes. These regulations appear to have fused all the contentions of those who clamoured for limited stroke or bore, limited cylinder-content, limited piston-sweep, and so on. This will not be the first event of the kind to be held on a consumption basis, but it will be the first to be concerned with consumption and a weight-limit as well.



SEEKERS OF THE PERFECT MILITARY AEROPLANE FOR BRITAIN: THE JUDGES AT THE WAR OFFICE FLYING-MACHINE TESTS ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

From left to right are seen Captain Godfrey M. Paine, Commandant of the Central Flying School; Brigadier-General D. Henderson, Director of Military Training, War Office; Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman, Superintendent of the Royal Aircraft Factory, and Major F. H. Sykes, Officer Commanding the Military Wing of the Royal Flying Corps.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



COMING OUT OF THE FLYING "HOUSE" IN WHICH HE INTENDED TO BREAKFAST, BUT EXPERIENCED A BAD FALL INSTEAD: LIEUTENANT PARKE, R.N., LEAVING HIS ARMOUR-PLATED AVRO MONOPLANE.

Lieutenant Parke arranged to have breakfast in the enclosed body of his Avro monoplane, and to smoke. Fate decided that his programme should be less happy. During the Salisbury Plain tests he had a very narrow escape, and his machine was wrecked. The airman was saved from hurt by the stout "cabin" of the aeroplane, and by his safety-belt, which held him suspended head downwards in the body of the machine. A safety-belt saved him once before, in a monoplane smash. Perhaps, too, he was helped by his mascot—a lion's tooth! Anyway, he was lucky to find himself undamaged, for his Avro turned a complete somersault.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

FROM THE PRIMITIVE TO THE PRESENT:  
COUNTY CRICKET.

**Unsophisticated Competition.**

Like most other great institutions, county cricket had a small beginning. Fifty years ago, it lived in spasms and almost without the aid of a system. County clubs were just beginning to make headway, but they never troubled themselves about the best method of holding a championship. They did not discuss the pros and cons of the principle of giving points for a first-innings lead in the case of an unfinished game; they engaged in unsophisticated

competition, and decided for themselves at the end of the year the question which we now settle by arithmetic—the question as to who were the best team of the season. In those days, the leading cricketing counties were Surrey, Middlesex, Sussex, Notts, Yorkshire, and Kent,

championship under the plan of counting one point for a win, deducting one point for a loss, and ignoring unfinished matches. Previously, three schemes had received, in turn, public approval. From 1873 until 1886, the championship was awarded by common acquiescence to the side who sustained the fewest defeats in a season. From 1887 till 1889, a win counted one point and a draw half a point. From 1890 till 1894, losses were deducted from wins, drawn games being ignored. All these plans were as firmly established as if they had been given authoritative sanction, of which, however, they had none. The first M.C.C. plan remained in force until 1910, when the issue was decided purely by the percentage of wins to the number of matches contested. Since that, the scheme has been rather more involved. Five points are now awarded for a win, while, in drawn games, the side leading on the first innings gains three points, and the side behind on the first innings secures one point. The order is settled by the proportionate number of points obtained to the points possible.

**Curious Championships.**

Some of the early championships were curious affairs. Thus in 1870, Gloucestershire were as good as the best because they contested only two matches and won both. Yorkshire were also undefeated; they played six matches, winning five and drawing one. At about that time, Surrey were by far the busiest county side. They were also the least successful. In the year which is now under discussion, they took part in fourteen engagements, but lost nine of the number. In the following season, when, their ambition curbed a trifle, they reduced their programme to twelve matches, they did not gain a solitary victory. They were beaten nine times, and they effected three draws. How happy-go-lucky was the method of counting the counties can be gathered from the fact that, in 1878, Middlesex were regarded as champions. All that they did was to beat Yorkshire twice and Surrey once. They drew their return match with Surrey, and had two unfinished games with Notts. The latter's

period of exceeding prosperity may be said to have started in 1884, when they won nine of ten fixtures, their only draw being with Surrey. Notts were champions for three years in succession. Surrey followed with two consecutive triumphs, and then Notts came into their own again. Great was the rivalry between the counties in those times.

**The System To-day.**

As to the merits of the present system of scoring, there is considerable difference of opinion. It must be confessed there has been more slow play in first-class cricket this season than in any preceding year, so that counsel for the prosecution has some telling evidence to offer. For the defence, however, it may be urged that there have been some keen single-innings fights which, under the old method of scoring, would not have been fights at all. Take, for instance, the match between Yorkshire and Warwickshire, at Hull. Owing to the rain, play was possible only on the last day. Then each county went for the three points. Yorkshire dismissed their opponents for 59 and replied with 88. Something decisive was done. Yes, the authorities will assuredly think deeply before abandoning the prevailing system, despite the fact that it has many severe critics.



THE MASTER OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS AND A PROMINENT FOLLOWER: CAPTAIN GREIG AND EARL FORTESCUE.

Lord Fortescue is a former M.P. for Tiverton and for the Tavistock Division of Devonshire. He is Lord Lieutenant of Devonshire, a County Alderman, and Chairman of the Devon County Council.

although Cambridgeshire were also strong, and were even reckoned good enough to pit themselves occasionally against members of the small select band afore-mentioned. Lancashire were considered qualified to meet none better than minor counties and local clubs; Hampshire were struggling to command respect, not, on the whole, with vast success.

**The "Counting" of the Counties.** It was not until 1895 that the M.C.C. took charge of the championship. In the preceding autumn, they had declared that Derbyshire, Essex, Gloucestershire, Hampshire, Kent, Lancashire, Leicestershire, Middlesex, Notts, Somerset, Surrey, Sussex, Warwickshire, and Yorkshire should be regarded as first-class counties, and so it came about that the clubs nominated played in 1895 for the first officially recognised



WATCHING THE TUFTERS AT WORK: EARL FORTESCUE AT A MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.

"Tufters" are those few hounds of the pack which are chosen to rouse the deer.



"HUNTING AT FORCE": FOLLOWERS AND THE CROWD AT A MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.

Staghunting—that is, the chase of the deer on horseback, with a pack of hounds—was originally called "hunting at force."

Photographs by Topical.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Nicest Way  
to Dinard.

Certainly the most agreeable way to get to Dinard is to motor there from London, via Folkestone. By this means you avoid what

may be a night of terror on the choppy Channel—which is so wide, alas! at its most engaging shores. It may be quite calm, of course,

when you sail from stately Southampton Water to adorable, smelly St. Malo, but, on the other hand, it may not; so that one usually feels like Max O'Rell on the Atlantic, who declared that that formidable ocean was only smooth when he was not on it. The early morning run from London to Folkestone is a good set-off, with the admirable roads, the fat Kentish fields with their ripening crops, the lively bustle of the port as you watch the car hoisted on to the Channel steamer. The short hour-and-a-half on the dancing waves will not overthrow the hardened traveller, and then luncheon at a French railway

Motoring à Deux. Motor parties, in France, among French people, are fairly numerous, but somewhat restricted in size. As a matter of fact, they usually consist of two persons, often of the most romantic aspect. There is a young man—who generally drives the car himself—with cavalry-of-the-line-in-muflti written all over him. He has more swagger than an English soldier-man, but not so much as a Prussian, and has a fine, commanding air of his own as he enters the hotel where you are eating your dinner, and sets the dilatory waiters to the right-about. The other person of the motor party is always young and slender, and will either have a camellia-white face with scarlet lips and swathed black hair, or she may be that rare but beautiful creature, a French blonde. And always she has the most exquisitely careless, simple clothes, with adorable shoes, and a little white cap which fits her head, and which she can wear without ridicule because she usually has a profile such as you see on ancient coins. The lady in the car is not the cavalryman's sister, and neither is she his wife. Except on his honeymoon, the Frenchman does not make little journeys with the lady who presides at his dinner-table. Other countries, other manners. Unless you are very prudish, these incidents of travel will make the day diverting. See these two sit down at a carefully selected table, and then behold them consulting over the menu, with the airs of connoisseurs! Look how the head waiter marches forward, knowing his type of man, hastening to recommend some dish for which the inn is renowned, brushing aside suggestions, pressing the merits of the entremets. Then watch all three, how infinitely knowing they are about that cobwebby bottle of wine! It is French civilisation synthetised, and you may wander all over Paris, in August, and never see anything so typically Gallic as our eloping angels in this remote country inn. In fine, Baedeker will tell you what you ought to see in Normandy, I can only suggest to you what you ought not.

What You Don't Find in Baedeker.

Then, if you are lucky, you will not follow that eminent Teuton slavishly in search of antiquities, but will see something of French manners and sociabilities in the charming little watering-places on the coast. I believe that in one thing Signor Marinetti and his Futurists are right, and that thoroughly healthy-minded modern personages secretly detest the old, the worm-eaten, and the musty. The fact that a thing is mediæval does not appeal as extravagantly to this generation as it did to our fathers and mothers. Ruskin is not a Power in the twentieth century, and many people prefer a live urchin to a dead Crusader. The French, with all their taste and culture, are thoroughly alive to the claims of the Future, and meanwhile, they are invariably amusing to watch, delightful to talk to, and as different from ourselves as it is possible for two neighbouring races to be. If your fortune takes you, as a guest, to any of these trim Normandy country houses set in their gorgeous-hued gardens, stay awhile and let the spirit of this wonderful people sink in. Henceforward, we shall walk hand in hand with them. Surely it is time we knew each other a little better?



GEMS TO LURE AND FASCINATE: THE "AIGRETTE EN FUSÉE."

The aigrette is made of platinum and emeralds, with bracelet to match. On the waistband and sleeves are silk cabochons to match the jewellery.

buffet is always something of an amusing adventure, and may contain a culinary surprise. Before you have done, the authorities and the chauffeur will have come to terms by some stretching of the Entente Cordiale, and you are ready for your long run on French soil. Other cars, of course, are waiting outside, each being examined, rubbed, and fed by its respective driver, and everyone eyes the other, wondering in which direction each is faring forth. Some are for Paris, others are to move in the direction of Switzerland, and one or two, like ourselves, are bent on touring Normandy.

Vicissitudes of  
Touring.

But France does not welcome her allies prettily at all. The heavens close in, and down comes the rain in a sousing downpour, drenching our canvas top, for we are not of the breed that scours the Continent in a closed limousine. We wait and wait, talking quite prettily, because we are friends, and not a family party, till all the trains have steamed fussily away, carrying their human freights to Switzerland and Italy, and all the southern play-places of Europe. Finally, we set forth gallantly, with the rain beating in our faces and utterly destroying the filmy veils and bonnets purchased so hopefully in Knightsbridge a week ago. And lo! at five o'clock our courage is rewarded as we race along the white, poplar-lined Picardy roads, for the clouds sail away, a vault of azure is revealed, and all the way to Abbeville we have the eternal vision of industrious France, the picturesque peasant in his sun-bleached blue, the women and girls bending with hoe and rake and scythe over the fertile fields. The peasant, in France, is picturesque, but it is difficult to find anything to praise in his village. Here and there, in Normandy, you will still find half-timbered farms and cottages, an old windmill and a fat, square-towered church, but the usual village is a mere heap of modern houses, with no be-flowered gardens or windows, and with a *mairie* and school-house of the most utilitarian aspect.



WHERE FASHION TAKES HER HOLIDAY: A DAINTY WRAP FOR A COOL AFTERNOON.

The wrap is of plum-coloured serge-de-soie, and has facings of white charmeuse. Coarse wool and silk flowers in plum and red tones. The hat is of velvet and charmeuse, with a lace wing.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 27.*

## THE MARKETS.

THE week has ended up most cheerfully, and many markets have shown considerable strength. The danger-spot is, of course, the Near East, but the Stock Exchange refuses to believe in a quarrel among the great Powers over the expected break-up of the Turkish Empire in Europe. *Consols* have presented quite a steady front to the world, and *Home Rails* show signs of mending, while *Canadian Pacifics* have been helped to a record price not only by the splendid statement, but by the expected new issue of Ordinary stock, from which holders anticipate a bonus of about ten dollars a share. *Mexican Rails* have also been cheerful, and already the market is beginning to estimate the dividend on the Ordinary stock for the year at anything from 3½ to 4 per cent. The former figure appears to us the more probable. As far as *Americans* are concerned, for the next two or three months politics will rule the situation, and the ordinary punter will be well advised to "wait and see." *Kaffirs* have shown a hardening tendency, but the support has so far been very professional. If the public can be induced to join in the buying, no doubt the improvement will go much further.

## THE HOME RAILWAY REPORTS.

Frankly, we confess that the Railways did worse during the last half-year than we expected, and the extraordinary variation in the way the results have been arrived at is really remarkable. We don't wonder that the financial Press was not able to forecast the dividends on this occasion with any accuracy.

Take the London and North Western report: the gross receipts were down by only £186,000 (less than the published figures led one to expect), but although the train mileage run was reduced by over two million miles, the working expenses are up by over £200,000, and the working ratio of expenses has risen to 67 per cent., or an increase of 4.1 per cent.

The Great Western report, on the other hand, shows a loss in gross receipts of £234,000, but a decline in working expenses of £35,000. The train mileage run is reduced by nearly 3,000,000 miles, and the working ratio is 66 per cent., or an increase of only 1.75 per cent.

The North Eastern, with a gross take showing a loss of £367,000, has effected a saving of £119,000 in working expenses, while the train mileage run is reduced by a million and a half.

If the figures are analysed, no fixed rule seems deducible, for while the North Western reduces its train mileage by over 9 per cent., its coal-bill increases; while the Great Western and the Midland have effected very substantial reductions in this item.

If our railways were managed by real live boards instead of by excellent county gentlemen, who are willing to leave everything to their high-paid officials, there would be much searching for the reasons of all these things, and somebody would in more than one case be made a scapegoat; but as it is, things will jog along as before, and the net earnings of our big lines will remain much less than they might be made if Jim Hill, or any other energetic American railway expert, had control. There are, however, considerable advantages—perhaps more than enough to compensate us—in the present system.

## SOME BREWERY INVESTMENTS.

In these columns we have persistently avoided advising or encouraging investment in Brewery securities, because even in the boom times we always feared attacks upon "the trade," and appreciated the danger of holding investments always suffering by the antagonism of the powerful and increasing Temperance party. Events have justified our fears; but because we discountenanced the purchase of Brewery Debentures to pay well under 4 per cent., and shares which returned a little over, it is no reason for shutting our eyes to the bargains which may be picked up to-day, when, in our opinion, legislation has probably done its worst, and the lowest limit has most likely been reached. Legislation is more likely within the next few years to mitigate rather than increase the burdens upon the publican and the brewer, and we think that, judiciously selected, brewery investments may now be bought to give a good return, and probably an increase in capital value.

For instance, the *Bass* report just issued is a very reassuring document. The First Debentures will pay 4.7 per cent., the B Debentures £4.14, and the Preference shares over 5 per cent., and all may be bought with confidence. The *Worthington* trade is very steady, and the B Debentures will yield, at present prices, about 5 per cent., besides being well covered by assets. The 4 per cent. Debentures of *Peter Walker and Son* can be bought to yield £4.17 per cent., and the Preference shares to return 6 per cent.; while the Company has for many years, and even in the worst times, paid 10 per cent. on its Ordinary shares, and the face-value of the assets appears ample to cover both Debentures and Preference shares twice over. *Parker's Burslem* is another well-managed Company. The First Mortgage 4 Per Cent. Debentures (redeemable at 120) can be bought

at about 82 or 83, and will yield £4.18 per cent., while the Preference shares pay, at present price, over 6 per cent. The dividends on the Ordinary shares have been very steady for many years, averaging about 16s. per share, or say, 8 per cent.

On another occasion we will return to the subject, and add further Companies to the above list.

## BONDS TO BEARER.

Speaking of the late Valparaiso Waterworks issue, a well-known City banker remarked to us that it had one fault, which was that the coupons were payable in London only, and, undoubtedly, this was merely an expression of the very general view adopted by many large investors, since the present Government have taken to mixing politics with finance, and have originated and encouraged the present land crusade. If the holders of land are to be attacked and despoiled, what safety is there for the owners of other forms of property producing "unearned income"?

A few weeks ago in these columns we pointed out the advantages of holding bonds to bearer with coupons payable in various monetary centres at the option of the holder, and several correspondents have asked us to give a list of such bonds which we can recommend. Of course, it is impossible, in the space at our disposal, to do more than indicate a few out of the very large number of such securities dealt in here—

The Underground Electric Railway Company of London 4½ and 6 per cent. Bonds.

Most of the Chilean 5 per cent. Government Bonds.

Argentine 5 per cent. 1909 and 1910 Bonds.

Hukuang Railway Bonds.

City of Pernambuco 5 per cent. Bonds.

City of Santos 6 per cent. Bonds.

City of Alexandria 4 per cent. Bonds.

Most American Railway Bonds are payable in New York, but some (such as the Southern Pacific, San Francisco Terminal First Mortgage, or Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific 5 per cent. Twenty-Year Gold Bonds) also at the large Continental centres.

Brazilian Railway 5 per cent. Bonds.

International Railways of Central America 5 per cent. Bonds. Rio Tram, Mexico Light and Power, and the other Bonds of this group.

The list might be largely extended, but the above must, for the present, suffice. In all cases it is advisable to tell the broker what you want, so that he may be careful not to get the wrong bonds.

## MATHIESON'S "HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES."

The July edition of Messrs. Mathieson's half-yearly "Highest and Lowest Prices" has just made its appearance, and is, as usual, a most interesting volume to all persons interested in the Stock Exchange, or having to do with the investment of money. The book gives the highest and lowest prices during the last six months of all quoted securities, with the date, also a long list of fluctuations in many securities extending over six years, and the dividends paid during that period, in a large number of stocks. The price is 2s. 6d., and the book can be obtained of the publishers at 16, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

Saturday, August 10, 1912.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,

The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

**QUESTION.**—You must do the exact sums for yourself. The person in question could have bought General Omnibus in 1909 at 16, or in 1910 at 17, and sold this year for 402. He might have made more than £10,000 out of his investment. As to the Marconis, in 1908 he could have bought at 6s. 3d., and in 1909 at 10s., while in April 1912, he could have sold at 9 13-16, and in May at 8. In the last three years he could not have made £6000 out of his Marconi investment, but he might have done so in four years.

**NIN.**—It is never safe to prophesy in the case of Mines, but we have a poor opinion of Fantis. In a liquidation we do not expect the shareholders would get anything.

**ASHLEIGH.**—Lobitos may easily go to your price. The last report is disappointing. The Red Seas we should hold. As to Zambesia Exploring, the concern is too mixed up with Tanganyikas for us to give an opinion of any value.

**RUGBY.**—We do not like these Companies holding all the shares of a foreign concern. Cobalt may be a great field, but we have a lively recollection of Kootenay, where certainly the people on the spot got out first. Very likely we were wrong, but we were asked for an opinion, and we gave our best.

**KNIGHTSBRIDGE.**—Certainly you can have a deposit account in the Post Office and another in any outside bank. Who can possibly know, except yourself?

**F. L.**—Most of the Home Railway Ordinary or Deferred stocks are on a 5 per cent. basis, if you leave out of account the last half-year with the Coal Strike in it. It is just these little things which make people think that they should pay 5 per cent. in normal times.

**GENEVA.**—It is possible that Rio Tram shares may go back a little on profit-taking, but we think they are a good investment, likely to pay 5 per cent. on the present price. The El Oro has suffered from the Mexican revolutionary movement, but from what we hear we begin to think they ought probably to be sold.

**C. S. T.**—We meant that for the year 1913 the 1891 Preference would probably get its full dividend.

## THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

**Freedom.** The wonder is that we are all so bound by the laws of convention; we hail freedom from them with such real joy and exhilaration. It is so nice to pack away town clothes and get ready country ones. Many of us who came north last week found the weather a great deal better the further north we got. Early in the week the rain and wind had been deplorable in the south; even the terrible Bank Holiday was quite a nice day north of Inverness. Personally, I spent most of it doing an eighty-mile motor ride, during which we had lovely weather in which to enjoy the most perfect scenery. We came right through the moors from Dingwall to Bonar Bridge: a lovelier route I never wish to travel. One rejoiced in the great spaces, the fact that one ran a score of miles and never saw a creature save a roe-deer, a pack of grouse, mountain sheep, goats, or a herd of Highland cattle. It was the beginning of release from the conventionalities, and it filled us with joy.

**Trains.** Trains had been doubled, tripled, quadrupled, and still were not sufficient, so great was the rush to get up before the Twelfth. Setters and pointers in the guards' vans, gun-cases, fishing-rods, golf-clubs conspicuous in the luggage; men-servants and maid-servants in reserved thirds; masters and mistresses in sleepers; all delighted to be changing from town ways to country ways. It is pleasant to see women turn out in the morning as neat as new pins in their tweed coats and skirts and neat little hats, looking none the worse for the night in comfortable sleeping-carriages; men in knickerbocker suits and soft hats with a light in their eyes as they light the great hills and experience primeval thrills. Up at Dalnaspidal, 1484 feet above sea-level, the air was as soft and sweet as it would be off a Surrey clover-field; later on there was more of a bite in it, and there were patches of snow on the Cairngorm Mountains. The reports for the season as to grouse and stags are excellent; also many fishermen had their

near the Castle; it is unlikely, therefore, that there will be any entertaining, even if they are there for a little bit. It is such a lovely place that one does not like to see it lonely. The first time I ever saw it the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were staying there, also pretty Princess Patricia, and there were great doings. Queen Victoria stayed at Dunrobin; King Edward and Queen Alexandra were there, as Prince and Princess of Wales; as King and Queen they were in the Royal Yacht off Dunrobin, and were witnesses of



HOSTESS FOR GROUSE-SHOOTING AT SKIPNESS, ARGYLL: MRS. GEOFFREY LUBBOCK.

Mr. Geoffrey Lubbock is a partner in the banking firm of Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock, and Co. In 1907, he married Marguerite Agaranthe, widow of Sir Charles Tennant, first Baronet, and daughter of Colonel C. W. Miles, of Burtonhill, Malmesbury.

*Photograph by Keturah Collings.*



HEAD OF THE GREAT FIRM OF KRUPP, WHICH IS CELEBRATING ITS CENTENARY: FRAU KRUPP VON BOHLEN UND HALBACH, JUST GIVEN THE LOUISE ORDER (SECOND CLASS).

Fräulein Bertha Krupp, heiress of Friedrich Alfred Krupp, who left her all but four shares of the stock of the great Krupp Company, married Dr. Gustav von Bohlen und Halbach in 1906, and her husband, who then added "Krupp" to his patronymic, now manages the huge steel business.—[Photograph by E.N.A.]

hearts gladdened by good baskets, after the spates caused by a rainfall the week before their arrival.

### Lonely Dunrobin.

Poor Dunrobin is to be deserted this autumn. The Duke of Sutherland, who was at Cowes, is to leave, with the Duchess, on Saturday, the 10th, for Canada. The Marquess and Marchioness of Stafford are, I hear, to stay for the most part at the House of Tongue, and will be at Dunrobin very little, if at all. The shooting and stalking are let up to quite

fine service. The arms are, of course, a back number. The drawing-rooms at Castle Grant are pleasant, and the views are grand, looking out over grouse-moors and pine-forests and deer-forests, all the property of the Grants, extending for many, many miles. Herds of deer in the park are also a pleasant sight from the Castle windows. Grantown, which is practically the capital of that part of the Highlands, is most valuable property, and has been comparatively recently developed. King Edward and our present King have lunched often at Castle Grant. A particularly good beat of the grouse-moors was always reserved for them whenever they were guests at Tulchan.

The great pencil-making firm, Messrs. L. and C. Hardtmuth, Ltd., have just marketed a new penny pencil—the "Alpha." It certainly seems the best penny pencil in use, and should prove indispensable in schools and offices, with its pleasingly smooth touch and great durability. The firm's efficiency and excellence of workmanship have been attested by one who ought to have known something about pencils. The late Mr. W. T. Stead once wrote as follows: "It seems but a little thing, a pencil—a strip of blacklead enclosed in an envelope of wood. But every Hardtmuth pencil represents the concentrated essence of the highly trained of three generations of workers." Buy and try this new Hardtmuth, is our suggestion—the experiment will command itself.



HOSTESS FOR THE TWELFTH—AND AFTER—AT INVERCAULD FOREST, ABERDEENSHIRE: MRS. BEATTY, WIFE OF ADMIRAL DAVID BEATTY.

Mrs. Beatty is the only daughter of the late Mr. Marshall Field, sen., of Chicago. Her marriage took place in 1901. She has two sons.

*Photograph by Walter Barnett.*

## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"Pan's Garden."**

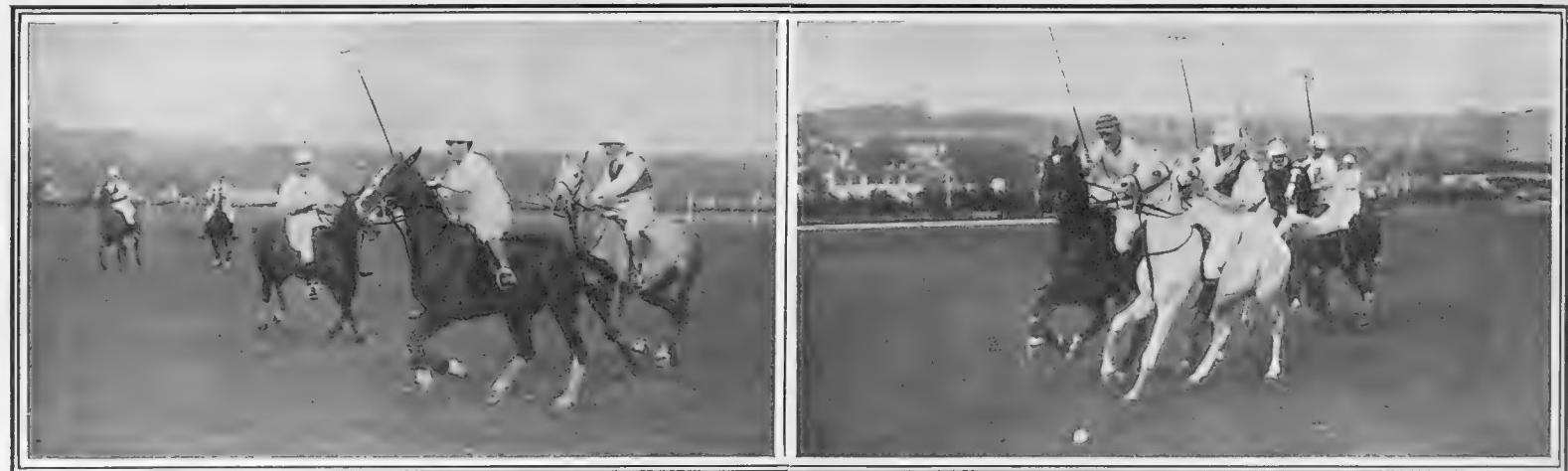
ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

(Macmillan.)

philosophy. It is a philosophy of the heart rather than the head, admirably evasive, profoundly significant. It belongs to that

Under this title, Mr. Blackwood, whose story about the Centaur will be vividly remembered by every reader, collects a group, not of stories exactly, but rather expressions of a mystic

moment the rare charm of Mr. Blackwood's mind. He is another Maeterlinck, not wandering wistfully down subconscious avenues of human emotion, but bravely adventuring among terrific, monstrous powers at the heart of the Universe. His first study, "The Man whom the Trees Loved," is made in a little Hampshire villa on the edge of the New Forest. Its encircling mass of gloom fringed the prim garden of flower-bed, lawn, and cedar-tree. David Bittacy, C.B., had retired there after years spent in the jungles of the East. His life had passed in the caring for trees, and the trees loved him



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spiritual region where intuition is recognised as sacred, where it is claimed as memory, and therefore as knowledge. Regarded as works of art, they are sometimes a trifle tedious, though it seems ingratitude to say so in the presence of so many stimulating flashes of vision across the remote and the unknown. But Mr. Blackwood just misses that quality of the artist which looks cheap at first sight but remains immensely necessary to effective work: self-consciousness. He has not enough of an eye on his audience; he is too absorbed in the sinister splendour of the prospect to think critically of his picture, and the result, in spite of many beautiful passages, is apt to become a strain on the attention. This is not to deny for a

sufficiently to wish to seduce him from the delightful domesticity of his home. For his wife, sprung from the narrow world of provincial clericalism, loved David Bittacy with the intensity and unimaginative loyalty such women are capable of; he returned her love with a great tenderness, which contained also a great reserve. He concealed from her in all possible ways that allurement of the Forest. But the Forest at last, as the winds grew strong, "lifted its shadowy skirts of black and purple" and pressed into the very house; filled the room; their wet and shimmering presences stood grouped about his bed. And the poor, protestant little wife even saw them, "their outline underneath the ceiling, the green

[Continued overleaf.]

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## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Caps for "Bobbers"; Types of International Bathing Headgear; King Alfonso "in the Throws" at Cowes; Society Snapshots at Cowes; German Nuisances at Home; Lady Marjorie, the Bride; Little Miss Tangled Locks; a Drug Dance, by the Speaker's Daughter-in-Law; Undine — the Perfect Woman; the Wedding of Miss Marie Löhr.



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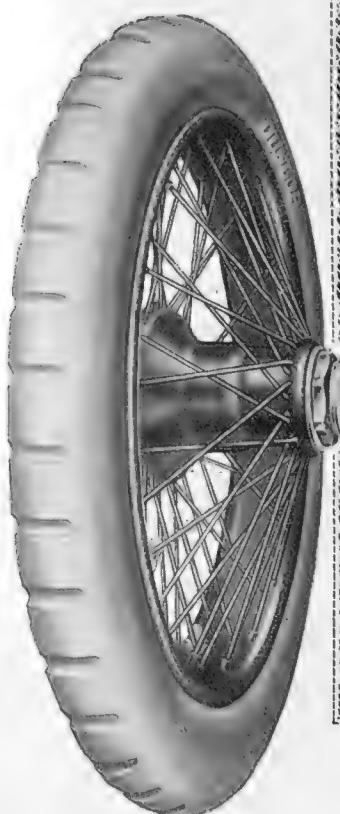
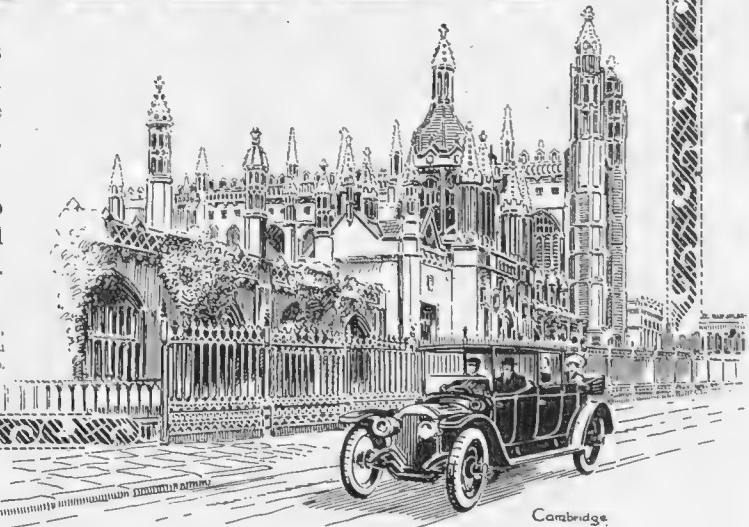
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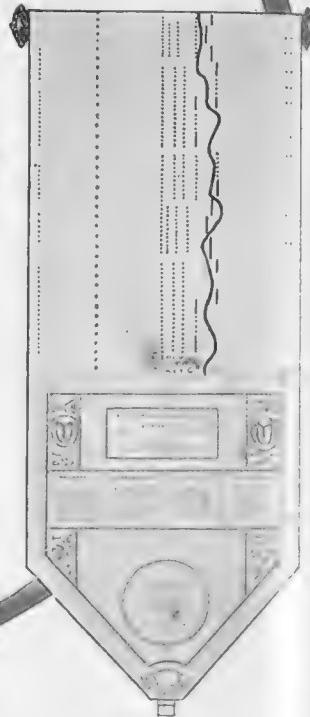
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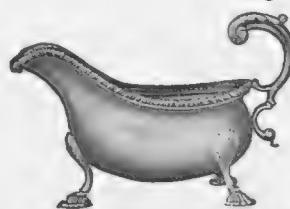
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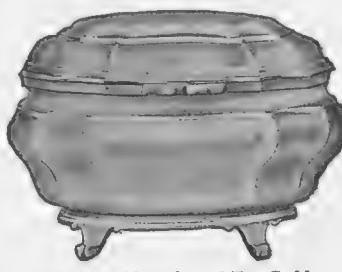
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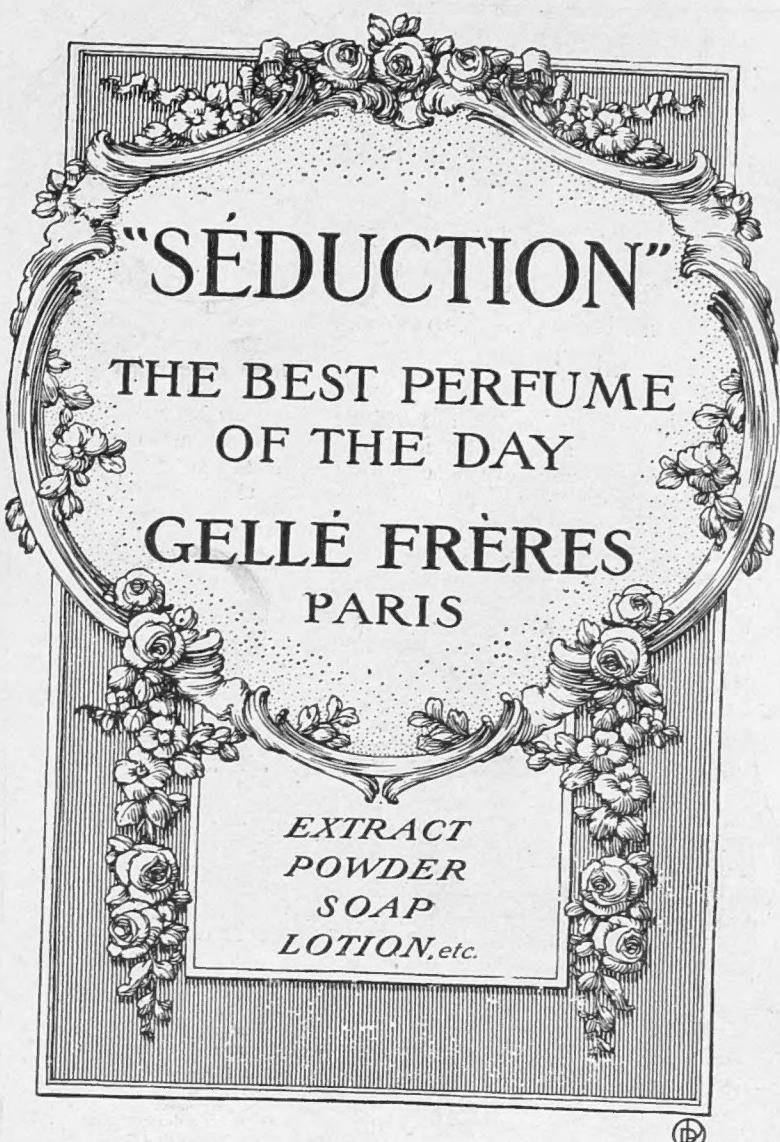
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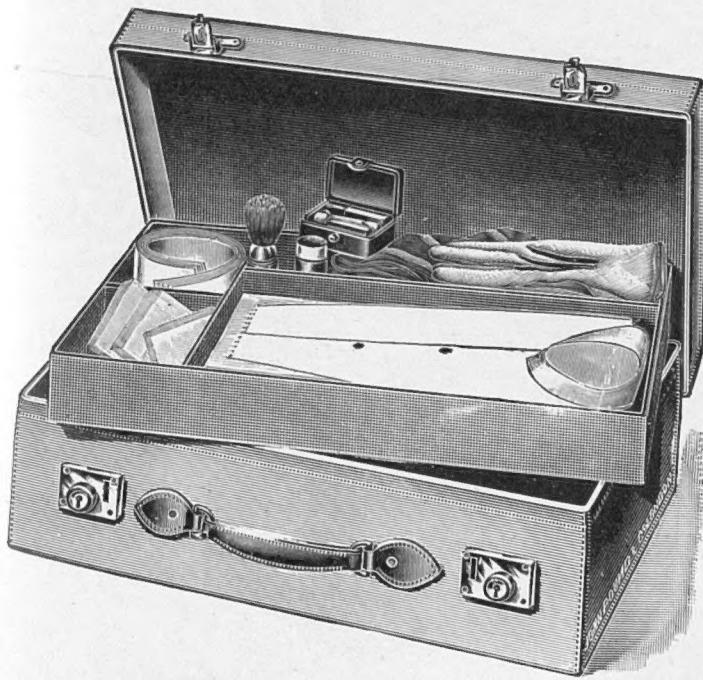


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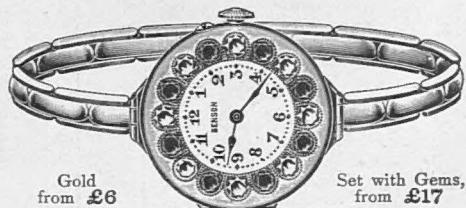
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*Continued.*

spread bulk of them, their vague extension over walls and furniture. They shifted to and fro, massed yet translucent, mild yet thick, moving and turning within themselves to a hushed noise of multitudinous soft rustling." And this idyll of the Forest "tremendous yet most exquisite," received its fulfilment to Mrs. Bittacy's undoing. Even more haunting is the experience of Felix Henriot in the Egyptian desert. He also was pursued—desperately wooed; but by sand instead of trees. He was blinded, swept over by this "spreading thing of reddish-brown with the great, grey face, whose being was colossal yet quite tiny, and whose fingers, wings, and eyes were countless as the stars." The invocation in the Desert, which summoned those mighty Powers, sand-buried through the ages, is an awesome affair, and the theory of lost Atlantis to which Egypt owed its ancient wisdom and potent rites assumes a wonderful development in Mr. Blackwood's hands. "The mind to-day wears blinkers," says he, and with impressive, thrilling gestures he tears them away. If the result is to lead aside, no way in particular, it is at least a welcome departure he offers us from the vulgar, the trite, and the commonplace.

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(Fisher Unwin.)

in itself a triumph of journalism, for Mr. Courlander treats his subject in the true Zola manner, and does for Fleet Street what

Zola did for many an institution of his time. Of course, there are impressive glimpses of the superman who rules in Fleet Street, "a god with life for a chessboard and human lives as the men." His name was Ferrol and he was editor of *The Day*. He settled the direction of thought in a million homes. Everyone knows how Ferrol pressed a button and the English world stopped eating Batter Pudding. "Batter pudding was on everyone's lips and in no one's mouth." For *The Day* had found a doctor who declared Batter Pudding, eaten with beef, to be the source of all national ill-health. Among other great achievements, Ferrol discovered Humphrey Quain, the hero of this story. He threw open to him the glamour, the glory, and the rewards of newspaper work. Through many pages the reader may follow Humphrey's doings as his paper sent him to report on murders, mine disasters, railway smashes, fires, and other sensational events. Paris shines in all her brilliance on his appointment as "special correspondent," and when the charmed life which a reporter carries across so much disaster was fatally threatened at last in a wine-grower's dispute at Narbonne, Humphrey's last conscious reflection was an admirably loyal one: "What a ripping story this will make for *The Day*!" Women of various types flitted across his life without seriously disturbing its tenor. Their mission was to complete his self-consciousness, and their passing was as the passage of a pleasure-boat over a lake whose surface responds to every impression and retains none. He lived with one burning enthusiasm, his work, over which the great Ferrol presided. And his life in Mr. Courlander's book may be said to be a complete guide to journalism.

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